THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

AUGUST, 1805.

REMARKS ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF *GILBERT WAKEFIELD,*

In a letter from the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

WHATSOEVER traces of irritability, and sometimes even pertinacity, may occur in the publications of our excellent friend, Mr. Wakefield, I know, from my private correspondence with him, that, when treated with the respect due to his talents and attainments, he was patient under opposition, was grateful for information, and would honestly abandon some of those opinions and conjectures, which, previously to our discussions, he had believed to be well founded.

"Conjectural criticism," says Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, "has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds from the revival of learning to our own age, from [John Andreas] the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley;" and I shall myself add, as Johnson would have added, to Richard Porson.—"It is not easy," says the same writer, "to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed."——"The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But, whether it be, that "*small things make mean men proud,*" and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politicks against those whom he is hired to defame."

Though the temper, or at least the language, of verbal criticks, has been, in our own days, much improved by the examples of Markland, Wesseling, Hemsterhusius, Valkenaer, Ruhnken, Heyne, and other illustrious scholars, too many traces may yet be found of that spirit, which is so extremely offensive to every well-regulated mind.

The *Vannus Crittica* of D'Orville abounds with recondite criticism; and the severity of the writer has been sometimes excused, on the plea of retaliation,

against Pauw, whose coarseness and petulance are quite intolerable. But I must confess that the perpetual recurrence of illiberal and savage reproach in that celebrated work is wearisome to me, and I remember with pleasure that, in his notes upon *Charito*, D'Orville has not fallen into this odious way of writing.

No man admires more sincerely than I do the genius and learning of Herman. But I can never read without indignation the arrogant and contemptuous terms in which he speaks of the late Mr. Heath—a man, whose good sense, good manners, and most meritorious labours ought to have protected him from such indignities. Vid. Herman. Obser. Crit. p. 59, and his note on verse 1002 of the Hecuba, p. 153.

The manner in which Mr. Brunck speaks of Vauvilliers is by no means warranted by Brunck's great and indisputable superiority; and I suppose that other readers, as well as myself, have observed numerous instances, in which Brunck has slyly stolen the emendations of his insulted predecessor, and meanly endeavoured to disguise his plagiarism.

Perhaps the great erudition, the wonderful sagacity, and the useful discoveries of such men as Joseph Scaliger, Bentley, and Salmasius, may now and then induce us to forgive the insolence of their temper, and the asperity of their invectives. But, when better examples have been set before us by the most distinguished criticks of our own times, little or no apology remains for men whose abilities are not of the highest class, if they select their models from periods, when the happy effects of civilization were less diffused, and when the value of it on controversial subjects, was less understood.

In the ardour and impetuosity of youth, our friend had met with those terms of reproach, which criticks employ against each other. He might have been pleased at the moment with the appearance of vivacity and acuteness in some favorite writer: he found it easy to use the expressions which custom seems to have established among his predecessors; and perhaps the natural soreness of his mind, under provocations which he thought unmerited, increased his disposition to adopt them. This failing, however, we should deplore, rather than justify; and we should also remember, that he shared it in common with other writers, who were inferiour to him in diligence, in knowledge, in rectitude of intention, and in holiness of life.

The warmest of Mr. Wakefield's admirers must acknowledge that, in taste, erudition, and ingenuity, the celebrated Ruhnken was superiour to him. But they will recollect with satisfaction that one praise which Wyttenbach has bestowed upon Ruhnken, may be justly claimed by Wakefield. "*Nec ipse unquam aliter loquebatur, quam sentiebat, nec eos qui secus facerent, ferre poterat.*"—See the Life of Ruhnken, p. 245.

Many of the errours, which occur in his emendations, and many of the imperfections which have been imputed to his Latin style, may, I think, be traced to the following causes.

The first, and perhaps the most powerful, which presents itself to my memory, is, that he had not received his education in one of our great publick schools, where

his taste would have been early and correctly formed ; where a traditionary stock of principles would have been ready for his use in the opinions and compositions of his schoolfellows ; where the conjectures and arguments of commentators, unaccompanied by their rude disputes, would have been first conveyed to his mind ; and where a judicious instructor, by his own remarks, would not only have assisted the judgment of Mr. Wakefield, but would have taught him to smile at the self-importance, and to avoid the acrimony of the most eminent criticks. Dr. Warton of Winchester, and Dr. John Foster of Eton, carried into their writings the same candid and liberal spirit which pervaded their oral instructions ; and their examples, I am sure, were equally favourable in their literary and moral effects on the minds of their scholars.

Mr. Wakefield was himself very sensible of the inconveniences to which he was exposed from another circumstance, which I am now going to mention ; and in his letters to me, he has more than once lamented them most ingenuously and most feelingly. In consequence of his habits of retirement, of his separation from the English church, and the English universities, of his residence in places far remote from the capital, and of his numerous and honourable employments, when he came into the neighbourhood of it, he seldom had access to the conversation of such among his countrymen, as are most distinguished for philological learning. But, from my own personal experience, I can say with justice of those who take the lead among them, that Mr. Wakefield would have derived the greatest advantage from their friendly communications ; and would have met, not only with more wisdom, but with more candour, than the generality of the world is prone to ascribe to verbal criticks. If much intimacy had fortunately subsisted between these excellent men and our friend, he might have been often contradicted ; he would have been sometimes vanquished ; but he would have always been enlightened, and very seldom displeased. "*Si quidem vera Amicitia nullam fert* Επιχαιρεκακιαν, *nullam Malevolentiam, nullam Invidiam, Irrisionem nullam.*" Life of Ruhnken, p. 162.

Men who talk to each other with freedom and good humour, are seldom disposed to write about each other with bitterness and scorn. But it was the hard fortune of Mr. Wakefield to meet with rivals, rather than guides and auxilliaries, among his contemporaries ; and for this reason, erroneous and rash opinions, which might have been previously corrected by conversation, sometimes found their way into his writings. To me, however, it seems wonderful that a man, who had so little personal intercourse with philologists, should so intensely, and, I will add, so successfully have turned his attention to those subjects, in which the curiosity of scholars is chiefly interested, and on which their talents are chiefly employed.

Every man of letters would do well to read Morhoff's Chapter de Conversatione Eruditâ, where he tells us, " titulo Homiletices

ERUDITÆ, Librum mihi scribendum aliquando proposui;" and every impartial critick on the philological labours of Mr. Wakefield, will acknowledge the importance of the following remark: "*Nihil ad Informationem commodius est, quam frequens cum viris doctis Conversatio, quæ est Disciplina omnium optima, et in Sensus magis incurrit, quam tædiosa illa per Lectiones et Meditationes Via.*"—Vid. Morhoff. Polyhis. Lit. lib. i. cap. 5, p. 165, vol. i.

I have sometimes thought that the range of Mr. Wakefield's critical reading was too confined, and the course of his classical reading too diversified and irregular. He had not begun, I believe, till very lately, to make the metre of the ancient writers a subject of direct and distinct study. He does not appear to have been very deeply versed in the writings of Hæphestio, Terentianus Maurus, Diomedes, Marius Victorinus, and the other metrical writers in Putsch's Collection; nor even in the rules laid down by Hare, Bentley, Morell, Heath, &c. and without much preparatory knowledge he could hardly have turned to good account the very curious and valuable information which has lately been communicated to the world by Herman and by Porson. He had not very accurately examined the history of the changes which took place in the Greek orthography. He had not been much accustomed to consult the structure of letters in manuscript, though, from the works of Bentley and other scholars, he had gained some useful general notions, upon the sources of errours in transcribers.

The learned biographer of Ruhnken speaks with just commendation of the method in which Ruhnken conducted his studies; and after enumerating the order which Alberti followed in his reading, he tells us, "*regiam illam viam, gravissimorum et antiquissimorum quorumque deinceps scriptorum ex ordine legendorum, aut non ingressus est, aut ingressus mox reliquit.*"

This, perhaps, was, in some measure, the case with Mr. Wakefield. I suspect that his mind was embarrassed and confused by the multiplicity of his reading; that it was not sufficiently stored with those principles which a man of his industry and sagacity might have easily collected from the great work of Henry Stephens on the Dialects, and from the celebrated preface of Pierson to Mœris: that he passed with too much rapidity from writers in one age and in one dialect, to writers of other ages, and in other dialects; from prose to verse; from epick to dramatick poetry; from tragedy to comedy; from epigrammatists to lyrick writers; that he had read much, observed much, and remembered much; that he was eager to produce the multifarious matter which he had accumulated; and that he wanted time or patience for that discrimination, which would have made his conjectures fewer, indeed, but more probable; and his principles in forming or illustrating them more exact.

"I have always suspected," says Johnson, "that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot, without so much labour, appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once." Ruhnken, it should seem, was

nearly of the same opinion with Johnson, "*Emendationum conjecturas, nisi sponte et subito, facili certe partu, natas, non probabat.*" Life of Ruhnken, p.221.—But the faculty of striking off such conjectures surely πολλῆς ἐστὶ πείρας τελείου ἐπιγέννημα. Longin. sect. vi. And, in the absence of the aids from genius and experience which are necessary to such felicity, the patient industry of Mr. Markland is most worthy of imitation.

I have, therefore, sometimes indulged a wish that Mr. Wakefield, instead of pushing on to fresh editions of books, or to fresh emendations of writers, had sitten down to review his own critical works. When the first and sudden allurements of emendation had passed away—when his mind was at leisure to consider "the objections which might arise against the change which once appeared to him happy"—when correction was the professed and immediate object in which he was to be employed, I am persuaded that he would have observed and retracted many of his own mistakes; and that he would have placed a proper degree of reliance upon those canons of criticism, which he had examined negligently, and rejected hastily. Some of them have been long established by the general consent of scholars, and others, though recent, are decisive and illustrious proofs of sagacity in the persons who proposed them. Most of his prejudices, indeed, would have been corrected, and most of his deficiencies would have been supplied, if he had met with opportunities for conversing familiarly with the scholars who adorn our capital and our universities.

It was once suggested to me that even his arduous and most meritorious labours in the elucidation of the Scriptures, might have no very favourable influence upon his judgment, when he directed his thoughts, as an editor and as a critick, towards the profane writers of antiquity. Upon this point, I shall not myself attempt to decide; nor do I think it necessary, upon the present occasion, to enlarge upon the very different qualifications for criticism, in those who undertake to explain the *sacred* writings, and those who are employed upon the *classical* writers of antiquity. But in justice to Mr. Wakefield, and with frequent and important differences of opinion from him upon controversial questions in theology, I must acknowledge the success, and commend the judgment with which he applied his philological learning to the illustration of the scriptures.

The natural vigour of his mind, the great increase of his knowledge, and the gradual improvement of his taste, are visible in many of his later English productions: for in point of elegance and correctness, as well as energy, they far surpass the earlier productions of his pen in his own language.

He seems to have composed in *Latin* with great ease and rapidity, I mean in his later works, when practice had enabled him to overcome the difficulties of which he complains in his Memoirs. Habit, no doubt, was accompanied by improvement, as well as by facility. But, in common with many other scholars, he had not attained to any eminence in the art of what Wyttenbach calls "*vel Latine scribendi, vel*

bene." Life of Ruhnken, p. 227. —In the general structure of his sentences there is something of harshness and embarrassment. His periods are seldom harmonious ; and none, I fear, of his Latin productions are wholly free from faults, which he would have been taught to avoid in our best publick seminaries, and of which I have seen many glaring instances in the works of archbishop Potter, Dr. John Taylor, Mr. Toup, and several eminent scholars now living, who were brought up in private schools.

In thus endeavouring to account for the imperfections of Mr. Wakefield's writings, I would not be understood to depreciate their *real*, *great*, and *solid* merit. Many who, like myself, discern those imperfections, are far below Mr. Wakefield, not only in industry, but in acuteness ; not only in extent, but, perhaps, in accuracy of knowledge ; not only in the contributions which they have made, or endeavoured to make, to our general stock of knowledge, but in their capacity to make them so largely or so successfully.

While, therefore, we state what Mr. Wakefield has *not* done, let us bear in mind what he *actually* did ; and when we enumerate the causes, which might have enabled him to *do better*, let us remember the *obstacles* with which he had to contend, when he *did so well*.

He had fewer incentives than other men to exertion, from secular emoluments. He had fewer opportunities for improvement than others, from access to publick libraries, from the advantages of publick education, and above all from the company of persons accurately and profoundly learned. But his diligent researches, his extensive and various knowledge, his zeal for the diffusion of learning, and his solicitude for the discovery of truth, will always be remembered with respect by unprejudiced judges, who consider the numerous difficulties with which he had to struggle, and the virtuous motives by which he was actuated.

For my part, I shall ever think of him as one of the best scholars produced by my own country in my own age ; and as one of the best men who, in *any* country, or in *any* age, have examined the evidences of Christianity seriously, believed them sincerely, defended them earnestly, and endeavoured to practise the duties which it inculcates steadfastly and faithfully.

I am, dear Sir,
Your very faithful well-wisher
and obedient servant,
S. PARR.

Hatton, June 1, 1804.
Arnold Wainewright, Esq.

FOR THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

WATER, AS A REMEDY IN FEVERS.

TO those who appreciate the importance of the healing art, it cannot be an useless attempt to inquire into the causes which have contributed to throw so many, once celebrated, remedies into disrepute and neglect. These remedies, having been found useful in some cases, have, by the enthusiasm of their discoverers,

been too indiscriminately recommended as of general application.

Here two sources of fallacy readily present themselves. The peculiar properties of the new article have not been accurately ascertained. The specifick cases where it would have been really beneficial have not been sufficiently particularised. This task, so little flattering to the impatience of genius or the pride of science, requires more opportunities, more time, and attentive observation, than are commonly found. Till lately, the common article of *water*, in its various temperatures and modes of application, has been classed among the curative means of doubtful character. It has excited but little of the physician's attention, because, when he has thought of it at all, he has considered it as of little consequence in the exercise of his profession. If the light however which has been recently thrown on this subject be received, it can no longer be deemed an uncertain remedy, nor one of small importance.

Since the early records of medicine we find that water, in some form or other, and in different countries, has been occasionally tried as a means of relief in fevers and some other complaints. But so little were the properties of this powerful agent understood, and so equivocal were the effects of its application, that, though sometimes extolled, it never came into general use, so far as I am informed, as a remedy for any of the diseases of the human body.

It is now nearly thirty years since this subject, the use of water in fevers and other kindred complaints, has occupied the attention and united the labours of a number of humane and enlightened physicians. During this period the subject has been very successfully investigated and is now well understood. Every shade of errour, of doubt, and uncertainty has given way to the light of truth and knowledge, fully established by the most adequate experience. The result of the numerous trials and experiments, relating to this branch of medical science, is the establishment of the following fact; a fact surely of the highest importance to suffering humanity. Namely, that *Water, applied according to principles now clearly developed and amply detailed, is a more pleasant, speedy, and effectual remedy, than any other yet known, for the most numerous and fatal class of diseases to which the human body is obnoxious.*

Among the cultivators of this field of valuable research, the name of Dr. James Currie, of Liverpool, England, stands preeminent. Since he entered this field of experiment, though preceded by several, his progress has been equalled by none. About the year 1797 appeared his "Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, cold and warm, as a remedy in Fever and Febrile Diseases, whether applied to the Surface of the Body, or used internally."

Last year, 1804, he published a third edition of the same work, much enlarged; 630 pages, with an appendix, bound in two volumes. This work is strongly recommended to the American publick, in full confidence that every liberal physician, every benevolent spirit, will read it with

great satisfaction to himself, with gratitude to the author, and with much surprise and regret that Dr. Currie's successful mode of treating the worst kinds of fever has been so little attended to in the treatment of the late epidemicks of the United States. Dr. C. says, p. 610.

'The first edition of the Medical Reports had no influence, that I know of, on the mode of practice in Philadelphia, or New York, in the fatal epidemick of 1798. The practice I had recommended met indeed the approbation of Dr. Eustis*, of Boston; and the second edition of this work was abridged and recommended to publick notice by a gentleman in the district of Maine, formerly a member of the British House of Commons§. But in the middle States, where the mortality has chiefly prevailed, other modes of practice have engrossed the general attention. The Medical Reports were announced, but neither reviewed nor analyzed, in the Medical Repository of New York. From a recent number of this valuable publication, I however see with pleasure, that the practice I have recommended begins to receive some attention. The following is an extract from a letter from Dr. Selden, and Dr. Whitehead, of Norfolk, Virginia, to Dr. Miller, of New York, dated July 15, 1802, and published in the 6th volume of that Journal. After a general view of the causes and of the symptoms of the yellow fever at Norfolk in 1801, they proceed as follows. The plan of treatment proposed this year was, in many respects, similar to that adopted in 1800, of which we have formerly given some account. The lancet, however, was more sparingly employed; calomel, in all cases, was liberally exhibited, both with a view to produce, in the commencement, a full and speedy evacuation, and afterwards also, in such forms as have been found most readily to bring on a salivation, which, in every instance with us, as has been often noticed by others, was followed by the recovery of our patient.———But, under every form of treatment, numbers fell victims to the disease. In this juncture, being desirous of making every effort, we had recourse to a remedy we had last year tried in a few cases with some benefit, and now found attended, as far as it was carried, with unequivocal success. This was the liberal affusion of cold water, not on the plan prescribed by some of the writers of the West Indies, but in a mode similar to that recommended by Dr. Currie, of Liverpool. The first trials were made on young robust British seamen, & the good effects of this remedy equalled our most sanguine expectation. After the affusion of the cold water, the pulse was often thereby reduced thirty strokes in a minute, the burning heat of the skin was greatly lessened, and the thirst, headache, and other uneasy sensations, were greatly alleviated. The patient generally found himself so much relieved and refreshed after the cold bath, that he submitted, not only without reluctance, but with pleasure, to a repetition of it.———It is with the fullest conviction of the supe-

* See his letter, dated Nov. 21, 1798, p. 18, of the 1st No. of the Med. and Phys. Journal.
§ Mr. B. Vaughan.

riority of this plan of treatment, to any we have yet tried, that we record its effects.' Then proceeds Dr. Currie, p. 615.

'After the body of evidence, which has been brought forward, and particularly after this narrative, I may perhaps, though a stranger, be excused for proposing a more general trial of the practice recommended in this volume to the candid and unprejudiced physicians of America. Proposals for improving the method of cure of the destructive fever of that country cannot be considered as superfluous. "Four times as many persons," says Dr. Rush, "were affected by the yellow fever of 1793, as in 1798, but the mortality of the two years was nearly equal;" a melancholy truth, which affords room for much serious reflection. Nor has the subsequent experience of the American physicians discovered a mode of treatment on which confidence rests. The great cities of America are still deserted on the appearance of the yellow fever, which every where excites alarm and dismay. That this practice, in favour of which so much evidence is here collected, will succeed in the United States is a fair presumption, which nothing but the result of careful and continued experience should be allowed to overthrow; since the evil is one for which no other remedy has been found, and, since it is of a magnitude to obstruct the high destinies of a people, otherwise most happy and prosperous. I venture these observations with hesitation, and offer them with deference and regard. An observer, at this distance, must be particularly liable to errour; and those who have performed their duty with courage and fortitude, amidst scenes of unprecedented toil and danger, are entitled to the respect, as well as the sympathy, of their more fortunate contemporaries.'

Let no one presume from what is here said, that the application of this remedy will be beneficial, or even safe, in his hands, till he has read Currie, and learnt the principles by which the practice should be conducted. G.

Boston, June, 1805.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

Thinking some account of the late Collection of Paintings in the Louvre might interest as a novelty, if not instruct as a criticism, I take the liberty of communicating to the Monthly Anthology the following letter. The analogy between Painting and Poetry may render observations on the former not altogether unacceptable, though perhaps unusual: Painting, in fact, is no more than Poetry in pantomime, and, though the medium through which she expresses similarity of sentiment is not german to the bosoms of all, yet when it is known that, in addition to the fascinations of her Sister Muse, she possesses the singular qualification of taciturnity, no one can doubt of her reception at least amongst the gentlemen. Poetry and Painting are improperly ranked with the luxuries of society, and my countrymen, I fear, under favour of a prejudice, are ready

to palliate the little encouragement they render to either. He who equalizes the passions by exhibiting the harmonies of Nature, though he pipes in the fields or pencils on the canvas, may without levity be considered as sermonizing with the preacher on the loveliness of Divinity. It is not the contemplation of Nature or her resemblances that weakens the sinews of a nation....Luxury is born of the body and rebel to the soul ; and we may say with Fuseli, that towards the aggrandizement of character and the cultivation of Genius, gold, gold has done nothing ! Yet a seed has fallen in the bosom of our land, and I look wistfully for the period when, with regard to the growth of the Arts, we may be considered as sitting under our own vine and fig-tree....Philosophers affect the citizenship of the world, but I am too mortally compounded not to love my own country. I have heard her rated for deficiencies which I could not defend, and my cheek has crimsoned.*

Oh, speed the years that wrap our future fame,
And grant me life to glow beneath their flame !

Paris, Nov. 27, 1803.

DEAR FRIEND,

I WROTE you not long since from Rotterdam, where I arrived with a bad sore throat, after a tedious passage of sixteen days. We were not all that time on the water (being obliged to make two ports in the English channel) ; but our accommodations on shore gave us little reason to rejoice that we were not. Our vessel was what they call a bomb ; and I think not improperly, for we only wanted powder to be truly combustible. Surely such a compound of heterogeneous animals was scarcely ever collected together ; as you may judge when I tell you that our company consisted of French, American, Dutch, German, Italian, and Swiss, all crowded together in a nut-shell of a cabin, and a stinking hold, every now and then perfumed with subterraneous fumes of masticated garlick, and the balsamick steams of defuncted herring. Some are able to forget their sufferings in sleep ; but the cursed Genius of Dutch œconomy took good care that I should not ; for the birth allotted me was hardly better than a kennel and scarcely long enough for a dog. In short, I suffered as much as the most devout Catholick could desire.

You will hardly be amused by what I can say of Rotterdam, as you already know it so well. I wished to have seen more of it, but my cold would not suffer me to attend to any thing before I arrived at Paris ; where it left me to be still more confounded by the innumerable spectacles that met my astonished senses. You have heard much of Paris ; so have I. But to have an idea of Paris, you must be in it ; wherever you go, something grand, or something amusing is ready to arrest you ; your eyes, your ears, and I may say your palate, nay, to you who are so great an admirer of

* The New York Academy, though ridiculed by those who love to thwart enterprise, is vastly superiour to the English School in its collection of PLAISTERS. The oak was an acorn.

onions, I may even add your nose.

The Louvre I visited the day after I arrived. Oh Raphael, oh Paolo, oh Titian !—What would you give to hear something about them ? I can say very little as yet ; but I feel disappointed to find, that the mechanical has outstripped the intellectual part of our arts.—I have seen the Transfiguration of Raphael. It may be that I want taste ; but after seeing the Raising of Lazarus, I must confess that it appeared cold and powerless. Had I never beheld the picture of Michael Angelo, I had probably admired this more. But I looked in vain for the divinity that inspired his Christ, in vain for the grandeur that characterized his Lazarus. Raphael has certainly discovered less poetry in his treatment of this subject, than, I am apt to think, either Michael Angelo or Leonardo would have done. Take the figures separately, they are fine ; they are well drawn, they are expressive, and, together, they tell the story ; but they are not beings, under the influence of a preternatural power ; they are not witnesses of the divinity of the Saviour. Abstracted from the subject, the composition is great ; the figures stand together as in the presence of a master ; they are drest for the society of the antique ; but they speak in language of mortals. Michael Angelo perhaps would have made them gods. " How absurd !" say the criticks, " there would be no distinction between the principal and the subordinates." In that case he would only have followed the example of Raphael. Better then that he had made them all gods, than that he had made them all men.

You may think I say too little of Raphael. If I have said little of Raphael, it is only in comparison with Michael Angelo. Should I meet him in any other company, I will shew him the homage that is due to the lover of the Graces, to the enchanter of hearts. But I bow to Michael Angelo, as to the Poet of nature. I would not have you imagine neither that I condemn his Transfiguration. I only say, it is not equal to the Raising of Lazarus. Taken by itself, it is grand ; it has a dignity about it, that was natural to Raphael ; it is expressive, it is harmonious : No figure is introduced to fill up the canvas ; they each take a part and act it with dignity. The female figure which is kneeling is particularly beautiful, and the little maniack has an expression that borders on sublimity. In short, it is a picture that displays the whole power of art, and wants nothing but the destruction of Lazarus to be the finest in the world.

If I have dared to criticise this picture, I have not been without example ; but presume upon the privilege, that all the world assume, of criticising every thing, without troubling themselves with considering whether they are able to improve them or not.

If it would cause you any pleasure, I could tell you with what astonishment the gallery filled me ; but you can better conceive than I describe, when you are told, that, besides a salloon as large as the exhibition room of

the English academy, it consists of a gallery of several hundred yards, which even now is not sufficient, as I am told, to contain all the pictures. I cannot conclude without mentioning the Marriage at Cannæ, by Paul Veronese. It is thirty feet long, proportionably high, and filled with figures of the size of life. This picture surpassed my expectation. If there be a sublimity in colour, it is in this picture. There is something so pure, so divine, in the atmosphere that breathes in it throughout, so grand and impressive is the aspect of the whole, that you forget you are looking at an entertainment, and fancy yourself in the presence of some ærial court, surrounded by genii, and respiring the ambrosial gales of enchantment. So powerful is the effect of colour even without sentiment! Here is a female head, by Leonardo da Vinci..... Were it alive it would set all the men crazy; I never saw any thing so fascinating; and it smiles so bewitchingly, that had I been alone I should certainly have kissed it. I have much to say of Titian, much of Poussin, Carachi, and Rubens. At present, good night.

SMELFUNGUS.

SILVA. *No.* 6.

Nempe inter varias nutritur SILVA *columnas*.....HOR.

PITT'S VIRGIL.

I HAVE often thought, that Pitt's translation of the Æneid has never received half the encomiums it deserves. There are many who prefer Dryden's, though in many instances a very slovenly performance. Where the poet indeed breaks out, as he occasionally does, he far surpasses Pitt, and possesses more fire, perhaps, than Virgil himself. But Pitt preserves better the grave majesty of the Mantuan bard, and the correct harmony of his numbers. I shall quote a few passages of the original with their translations, in which I think the superiority of Pitt is evident.

Et, si fata deum, si mens non læva fuissit,
Impulerat ferro Argolicas fœdare latebras;
Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres. Æneid II. l. 54.

These lines are thus translated by Dryden.

And had not heaven the fall of Troy designed,
Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done t' inspire a better mind.
Then had our lances pierced the treacherous wood,
And Ilian towers, and Priam's empire stood.

These lines are flat and prosaick. Pitt is scarcely inferiour to his original.

Then, had not partial fate conspired to blind
With more than madness every Trojan mind,
The crowd the treacherous ambush had explored,
And not a Greek had 'scaped the vengeful sword.
Old Priam still his empire would enjoy,
And still thy towers had stood, majestick Troy!

This last line breathes the very spirit of Virgil.

Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum ;
Ter frustra compressa manus effugit imago. L. 792.

Dryden.

And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
And thrice deceived, on vain embraces hung,
Light as an empty dream at break of day
Or as a blast of wind she rushed away.

Pitt is far more spirited, and equally preserves the elegant repetition of the original.

Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw,
Thrice from my empty arms the phantom flew,
Swift as the wind, with momentary flight,
Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.

Turis erat vasto suspectu pontibus altis
Opportuna loco ; summis quam viribus omnes
Expugnare Itali summaque evertere opum vi
Certabant ; Troes contra defendere saxis,
Perque cavas densi tela intorquere fenestras.
Princeps ardentem conjecit lampada Turnus,
Et flammam affixit lateri ; quæ plurima vento
Corripuit tabulas, et postibus hæsit adesis.
Turbati trepidare intus, frustraque malorum
Velle fugam ; dum se glomerant, retroque residunt
In partem, quæ peste caret, tum pondere turris
Procubuit subito, et cælum tonat omne fragore. IX. 530.

Dryden.

There stood a tower, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height.
Art, and the nature of the place conspired
To furnish all the strength that war required.
To level this the bold Italians join ;
The wary Trojans obviate the design ;
With weighty stones o'erwhelmed their troops below,
Shoot through the loop-holes, and sharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, tossed from his thundering hand,
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand.
It struck, the fiery plague ; the winds were high,
The planks were seasoned, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the ports ; it spread along,
Scorched, and to distance drove the scattered throng.
The Trojans fled, the fire pursued amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train,
Till crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heaven itself resound,
The dead, and dying Trojans strew the ground.

These lines, with the exception of the four last are faithful and poetical, but must yield to the following, which are wrought up with uncommon spirit and elegance.

Pitt.

Full o'er the wall a turret rose on high,
Stage above stage, unrivalled, to the sky.
This fort to gain the Latians bend their care,
Point their full strength, their whole collected war.
Vast fragments from above the Trojans throw.
And through the walls their javelins gaul the foe.
A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung ;
Close to the sides the flaming mischief hung ;

Then thundering through the planks, in fury grew,
Swelled in the wind, and round the structure flew.
With headlong speed the imprisoned troops retire,
Thronged in huge heaps, before the spreading fire.
While on one side their weight incumbent lay,
The beams all burst, the crackling walls give way,
The ponderous pile comes tumbling to the ground,
And all Olympus trembled at the sound.

Mr. Melmoth, the elegant author of Fitzosborne's letters and translator of Cicero and Pliny, passes the following just encomium on Pitt's Virgil. 'I am glad of an opportunity of quoting from a poet, whose translation of the Æneid does honour to the English language.' Melmoth's Pliny. Lib. 5. Letter 8.

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CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL possessed great genius, which he prostituted in the most scandalous manner. He was so intoxicated with the praise bestowed on the Rosciad, his first production, that he grew careless in his composition, and profligate in his habits. His works are fast hastening to oblivion, from which the far greater part deserves not to be rescued. Wilkes used to repeat the following lines of his poetical friend as the finest in our language.

Cold-blooded criticks! whom enervate sires
Scarce hammered out, when nature's feeble fires
Glimmered their last.

—

PUNS.

IT is observed by some one, that none despise puns but those, who are unable to make them. The observation is not strictly just, as Johnson and Swift were extremely happy in this species of wit, though they despised it. Swift's pun on a Cremona fiddle accidentally thrown down by a lady's gown, then commonly called a mantua, is admirable. On observing the accident he immediately repeated from Virgil the following line.

Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.

Pope, who was extremely diminutive and deformed, in poring over a Greek author at a coffee-house, found a passage which he could not explain. A young officer in his regimentals, who happened to be an excellent scholar, looking over him, observed, that a note of interrogation would remove the difficulty, and render the sentence clear. The great poet, mortified at being thus instructed by a stripling, asked with contempt. 'And, pray, Sir, what is a note of interrogation?' 'A note of interrogation, Sir, replied the young man, fixing his eyes on the unhappy person of the bard, is a little crooked thing, that asks questions.'

The ancients seemed to have had little success in this kind of wit. Nothing can be more contemptible than Cicero's puns on the name of Verres. Quintilian, however, has preserved one that is admirable. Hortensius, who was engaged on the other side, pretending not to understand Cicero, who was pleading against Verres, observed that he was no Œdipus, and could not explain riddles. No Œdipus, replies Cicero, when you have the golden

Sphynx at home! Verres, among other fees, had presented Hortensius with a golden Sphynx, of considerable value, not only for the metal of which it was composed, but for its exquisite workmanship.

When a pun can bear translation into another language and depends not on the mere quibble of words, it then rises to the dignity of wit.

—

DR. JORTIN.

THIS excellent scholar, and most amiable man will rise in estimation with posterity, when Warburton and the disciples of Warburton will no longer be read. We understand his works are now reprinting in England, and will probably comprise twenty octavo volumes. Profoundly learned himself, and at the same time distinguished by excellent sense and abundant wit, he could detect the errours of the most celebrated writers. He thus exposes the ignorance of Voltaire. 'Scanderbeg (says the Frenchman) was son of a despot, or little prince of Albany; that is to say, of a vassal prince, for so the word signified; and it is strange, that the word despot should be appropriated to monarchs, who have made themselves absolute.' Voltaire Essai sur l'Histoire. II. 29.

What ignorance! (says Jortin) to imagine that *despotick* or *despotism* had its derivation from the title of these petty rulers. Though tributary princes have worn the pompous name of *despot*, yet originally Δεσποτης is a lord or master relatively to Δουλος a slave; and so *despotism* means, properly and strictly, arbitrary and uncontroulable power.

'A total ignorance of the learned languages (continues Jortin); an acquaintance with modern books, and with translations of old ones; some knowledge of modern languages; a smattering in natural philosophy, poetical talents, a vivacity of expression, and a large stock of impiety; these constitute a Voltaire, or a modern genius of the first rank, fit to be patronized by princes and caressed by nobles.'

THOUGHTS ON PLAGIARISM.

Messrs. Editors,

I NOTICED in your last some thoughts on plagiarism, with some extracts tending to show, that certain brilliant passages in celebrated works were borrowed or were imitations of predecessors. This is a nice subject, and requires a master's hand. "There is no new thing under the sun," and if we resolve to read and admire nothing but what is new and entirely original, we shall, I am afraid, deprive ourselves of a great deal of intellectual pleasure. The ingenious and candid Boileau has said, in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. Mr. Addison, who quotes and applauds the passage, adds, 'that it is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others. We

have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights.' There have been but few originals in the world. Cannot we trace the logick now taught in all our colleges to Aristotle, who it seems invented it. Every thing praiseworthy in Horace's Art of Poetry may be found in the writings of the same mighty original. As to modern learning, if we reject all that is taken from Bacon, Newton, Hooke, Grew, Linnæus, and Priestley, to what a small number shall we reduce our publications. As in a political view we were colonies derived from Europe, so in a literary one we are colonies of that great mother country, especially England. As to our own native literature, our country has not yet arrived at the period of its encouragement. I should not be displeased, I confess, if our clergy would borrow more than they do from their elder brethren of Europe, especially England. As to our periodical publications I could wish them adorned with transatlantick silk and fine-twined linen; and not with tow-cloth, merely because it is homespun. I hate to see the disposition to hunt out resemblances, imitations, and strained plagiarisms. It discourages the young from attempting to express old things in a new way, when in truth that is all we ought to expect from them.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepedeve putetur, sed quia nuper. W.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF REV. SAMUEL MATHER.

Messrs. Editors,

The following letter is from the pen of Rev. Samuel Mather, a man who was not inferiour to any of his illustrious ancestors, and who closed the fourth generation of a family high in the ranks of natural aristocracy. The remarks are pleasant and ingenious, and highly recommendatory of the philosophick poet of Cato and Pharsalia. It seems to me a rich gem. I have read it as often as the medallist contemplates an exquisite camea, and my cabinet does not contain a rarity more precious. It was found among the papers of a clergyman, who died in this town a few years ago; and though the name of the person to whom it was written does not appear in the manuscript, yet I have learnt from high authority, reasoning on known facts and internal evidence, that it was addressed to the Rev. Nathaniel Walter, then a student in divinity under the care of Rev. Mr. White, of Cape Ann. The proposals for printing refer to the author's life of Rev. Cotton Mather. Mr. Henchman was then one of the deacons of the first church in this town, and kept a bookstore at No. 19, Cornhill, which was then the fashionable literary lounge of the clergy, and whence, on each Thursday, they proceeded in a body to the stated theological lecture. I could wish that your publick garden was adorned with every flower of rich fragrance and variegated hue, which now blooms

in the parterre of individual botanists, high fenced from every look, whether of mere curiosity or of intellectual animation..... Dried rose leaves, wreaths of larkspur, and wild fern may be properly preserved in old family bibles, but you and I, and every one would joyfully thank every possessor of antiques, or of modern rarities, if he would take them from the curious shelf or table-drawer, and exhibit them in the Anthology, whether they are rusty by corrosion of time, or sparkling with radiance fresh from the hand of the workman. Q.

*Castle Wm. June 6. 1730.

Dear Sir,

Since I wrote to Mr. White by my Aunt, I received your Letter, by which I am informed that mine came safe to your Hands and was acceptable to you: I am very glad of it.

In complyance with your Desire I now enclose you *Lucan* and *Tibullus*, &c. I hope the latter will not effeminate your Mind, but soften your Disposition, tho' it is already tender and sweet.

As for *Lucan*, I am sure he will raise your Sentiments and invigorate your Soul. For my part I cannot but think in some Places the *Pharsalia* excels the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*. As a Proof and Instance let me just observe the different Behavir. of *Æneas* and *Cæsar* in a storm. As the Tempest grows the Courage of the latter rises; and when the Storm rages and the Master of the Vessel is overwhelmed with Anxiety and Fear, he is tranquil, sedate and unconcerned,

Sperne minas, inquit, Pelagi, ventoq. furenti
Trade sinum——

Whereas *Æneas* in the same Circumstances despairing, weeps and bewayls his Misfortune, tho' the Gods had assured him, yt he shd. one day found an Empire in Italy.

Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur Frigore Membra
Ingemit, et Duplices tendens ad Sidera Palmas.

Nor is this the only noble Passage in *Lucan*. *Cato*'s March thro' the Desarts of *Lybia* is fine. In that March he comes to *Jupiter Ammon's* Temple. Coming there *Labienus* advises him to consult the famous Oracle about the event of the War

Nam cui crediderim, superos arcana daturos
Dicturosq. magis, quam sancto vera Catoni?

To wch *Cato* answers in a manner as grave and religious, as beauteous and inimitable;

Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in Armis
Occubuisse velim potius quam Regna videre?
An sit vita nihil, sed longa? an differat ætas?
An noceat vis ulla bono? Fortunaq. perdat
Oppositа virtute minas? Laudandaq. velle
Sit satis et nunquam Successu crescat honestum?
Scimus et hæc nobis non altius inseret Hammon
Hæremus cuncti Superis, Temploq. tacente,

....

* It will be seen that we have preserved the obsolete and uncouth orthography of the original with all the scrupulosity with which the antiquarian cherishes the œrugo of a medal. ED.

Nil facimus non sponte DEI: nec vocibus ullis
Numen eget; dixitq. semel nascentibus Auctor,
Quicquid scire licet. Sterilesne elegit harenas,
Ut caneret paucis, mussatq. hoc pulvere verum?
Estne DEI sedes nisi Terra et Pontus et Aer
Et Cælum et Virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcunq vides, quocunq. moveris.
Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperq. futuris
Casibus ancipites; me non oracula certum
Sed mors certa facit. Pavido fortiq. cadendum est.
Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem.

**St. Evremont* says, every thing here is poetical, every thing is consonant to Truth and Reason... *Dr. Welwood* says, the Language here is worthy *Cato and the Gods*.

Lucan considered *Nero* in whose Reign he lived and died, as his own and his Country's Adversary, and therefore he conspired against him: But, being unhappily betray'd, he was sentenc'd to dy, and to choose in what manner he w.d leave the World. He supped chearfully with his friends and then went into the Hot Bath, which distended his Veins; then he ordered those of his Arms and Legs to be open'd, and so expir'd in his 27th Year with great Ease and Tranquillity, repeting those Lines in *Pharsal.* lib. 9. lin. 811.

Sanguis erant Lachrymæ; quæcunq. foramina novit
Humor, ab his largus manat Cruor: Ora redundant,
Et patulæ Nares; Sudor rubet, omnia plenis
Membra fluunt Venis, totum est pro Corpore Vulnus.

There has bin an English translation of *Lucan* by *Mr. Rowe*, who it is thot has always equall'd and often outdone the Original.

You see I am very particular in my Accounts of this Author; I have so great a Value for him yt I could not help it.

When you have done with these Books I beg you would return them, and let me know what others I shall send you; For I am very ready to oblige and gratify you.

So wishg you may encrease in useful Knowledge and generous Vertue I am

Yours affectionately

Samuel Mather.

P. S. When you are at leisure, I wish you would take Copies of my Letters to you and send them to me. I have not Time to transcribe them; and shd be loth to write the same things over and over to you.

I enclose you Proposals for Printing &c. I beg *Mr. White* and you would animate the Ministers and People abt you to subscribe. The Subscriptions may be sent either to Mr. Henchman or to me.

* Our readers will be willing to see the original passage from St. Evremond. "Vous voyez in Labienus un homme pieux & sensé, qui unit à la sainteté envers les Dieux la consideration qu'on doit avoir pour la veritable vertu des gens de bien. Caton est un philosophe religieux, défait de toute opinion vulgaire, qui conçoit des Dieux les hauts sentimens qu'une raison pure & une sagesse élevée en peuvent former." Œuvres de St. Evremond, tom. v. ED.

SACONTALA: OR, THE FATAL RING.

Continued from p. 366.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A plain, with royal pavilions on the ſkirt of the foreſt.*

MADHAVYA, *(ſighing and lamenting.)*

STRANGE recreation this?—Ah me! I am wearied to death.—My royal friend has an unaccountable taſte.—What can I think of a king ſo paſſionately fond of chaſing unprofitable quadrupeds?—"Here runs an antelope!—There goes a boar!"—Such is our only converſation.—Even at noon, in exceſſive heat, when not a tree in the foreſt has a ſhadow under it, we muſt be ſkipping and prancing about, like the beaſts whom we follow.—Are we thirſty? We have nothing to drink but the waters of mountain torrents, which taſte of burned ſtones and mawkiſh leaves.—Are we hungry? We muſt greedily devour lean veniſon, and that commonly roaſted to a ſtick.—Have I a moment's repoſe at night? My ſlumber is diſturbed by the din of horſes and elephants, or by the ſons of ſlave-girls hollooing out, "More veniſon, more veniſon!"—Then comes a cry that pierces my ear, "Away to the foreſt, Away!"—Nor are theſe my only grievances: freſh pain is now added to the ſmart of my firſt wounds; for, while we were ſeparated from our king, who was chaſing a fooliſh deer, he entered, I find, yon lonely place, and there, to my infinite grief, ſaw a certain girl called Sacontalá, the daughter of a hermit: from that moment not a word of returning to the city!—Theſe diſtreſſing thoughts have kept my eyes open the whole night.—Alas! when ſhall we return?—I cannot ſet eyes on my beloved friend Duſhmanta, ſince he ſet his heart on taking another wife.—[*Stepping aſide and looking.*]—Oh! there he is.—How changed!—He carries a bow, indeed, but wears for his diadem a garland of wood-flowers.—He is advancing: I muſt begin my operations.—[*He ſtands leaning on a ſtaff.*]—Let me thus take a moment's reſt.—[*Aloud.*

Duſhmanta enters.

Duſhm. [*aſide, ſighing.*] My darling is not eaſily attainable; yet my heart aſſumes confidence from the manner in which ſhe ſeemed affected: ſurely, though our love has not hitherto proſpered, yet the inclinations of us both are fixed on our union.—[*Smiling.*]—Thus do lovers agreeably beguile themſelves, when all the powers of their ſouls are intent on the objects of their deſire!—But am I beguiled? No; when ſhe caſt her eyes even on her companions, they ſparkled with tenderneſs; when ſhe moved her graceful arms, they dropped as if languid with love; when her friend remonſtrated againſt her departure, ſhe ſpoke angrily—All this was, no doubt, on my account.—Oh! how quick-ſighted is love in diſcerning his own advantages!

Mádh. [*Bending downward as before.*] Great prince! my hands are unable to move; and it is with my lips only that I can mutter a bleſſing on you. May the king be victorious!

Duſhm. [*Looking at him and ſmiling.*] Ah! what has crippled thee, friend Madhavya!

Mádh. You ſtrike my eye with your own hand, and then aſk what makes it weep.

Duſhm. Speak intelligibly. I know not what you mean.

Mádh. Look at yon Vétas tree bent double in the river. Is it crooked, I pray, by its own act, or by the force of the ſtream?

Duſhm. It is bent, I ſuppoſe, by the current.

Mádh. So am I by your majeſty.

Duſhm. How ſo, Mádhavya?

Madh. Does it become you, I pray, to leave the great affairs of your empire, and ſo charming a manſion as your palace, for the ſake of living here like a foreſter? Can you hold a council in a wood? I, who am a reverend Bráhmen, have no longer the uſe of my hands and feet: they are put out of joint by my running all day long after dogs and wild beaſts. Favour me, I entreat, with your permiſſion to repoſe but a ſingle day.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] Such are this poor fellow's complaints; whilſt I, when I

think of Canna's daughter, have as little reliſh for hunting as he. How can I brace this bow, and fix a ſhaft in the ſtring, to ſhoot at thoſe beautiful deer who dwell in the ſame groves with my beloved, and whoſe eyes derive luſtre from her's?

Madh. [*Looking ſtedfaſtly at the king*] What ſcheme is your royal mind contriving? I have been crying, I find, in a wilderneſs.

Duſhm. I think of nothing but the gratification of my old friend's wiſhes.

Madh. [*Joyfully.*] Then may the king live long! [*Riſing, but counterfeiting feebleneſs.*

Duſhm. Stay; and liſten to me attentively.

Madh. Let the king command.

Duſhm. When you have taken repoſe, I ſhall want your aſſiſtance in another buſineſs, that will give you no fatigue.

Madh. Oh! what can that be, unleſs it be eating rice-pudding?

Duſhm. You ſhall know in due time.

Madh. I ſhall be delighted to hear it.

Duſhm. Hola! who is there?

The Chamberlain enters.

Cham. Let my ſovereign command me.

Duſh. Raivatica, bid the general attend.

Cham. I obey.—[*He goes out, and returns with the General.*]—Come quickly, Sir, the king ſtands expecting you.

Gen. [*Aſide, looking at Duſhmanta.*] How comes it that hunting, which moraliſts reckon a vice, ſhould be a virtue in the eyes of a king? Thence it is, no doubt, that our emperour, occupied in perpetual toil, and inured to conſtant heat, is become ſo lean, that the ſunbeams hardly affect him; while he is ſo tall, that he looks to us little men, like an elephant grazing on a mountain: he ſeems all ſoul.—[*Aloud, approaching the king.*]—May our monarch ever be victorious!—This foreſt, O king, is infeſted by beaſts of prey: we ſee the traces of their huge feet in every path.—What orders is it your pleaſure to give?

Duſhm. Bhadraſéna, this moralizing Mádhavya has put a ſtop to our recreation by forbidding the pleaſures of the chaſe.

Gen. [*Aſide to Mádhavya.*] Be firm to your word, my friend; whilſt I ſound the king's real inclinations.—[*Aloud.*] O! Sir, the fool talks idly. Conſider the delights of hunting. The body, it is true, becomes emaciated, but it is light and fit for exerciſe. Mark how the wild beaſts of various kinds are variouſly affected by fear and by rage! What pleaſure equals that of a proud archer, when his arrow hits the mark as it flies?—Can hunting be juſtly called a vice? No recreation, ſurely, can be compared with it.

Mádh. [*Angrily.*] Away, thou falſe flatterer! The king, indeed, follows his natural bent, and is excuſable; but thou, ſon of a ſlave girl, haſt no excuſe.—Away to the wood!—How I wiſh thou hadſt been ſeized by a tiger, or an old bear, who was prowling for a ſhakál, like thyſelf!

Duſhm. We are now, Bhadraſéna, encamped near a ſacred hermitage; and I cannot at preſent applaud your panegyrick on hunting. This day, therefore, let the wild buffalos roll undiſturbed in the ſhallow water, or toſs up the ſand with their horns; let the herd of antelopes, aſſembled under the thick ſhade, ruminate without fear; let the large boars root up the herbage on the brink of yon pool; and let this my bow take repoſe with a ſlackened ſtring.

Gen. As our lord commands.

Duſhm. Recal the archers who have advanced before me, and forbid the officers to go very far from this hallowed grove. Let them beware of irritating the pious: holy men are eminent for patient virtues, yet conceal within their boſoms a ſcorching flame; as carbuncles are naturally cool to the touch; but, if the rays of the ſun have been imbibed by them, they burn the hand.

Mádh. Away now, and triumph on the delights of hunting.

Gen. The king's orders are obeyed. [*He goes out.*

Duſhm. [*To his attendants.*] Put off your hunting apparel; and thou, Raivataca, continue in waiting at a little diſtance.

Cham. I ſhall obey. [*Goes out.*

Mádh. So! you have cleared the ſtage; not even a fly is left on it. Set down, I pray, on this pavement of ſmooth pebbles, and the ſhade of this tree ſhall be your canopy; I will ſit by you; for I am impatient to know what will give me no fatigue.

Duſhm. Go firſt, and ſeat thyſelf.

Mádh. Come, my royal friend.

[*They both ſit under a tree.*

Duſhm. Friend Màdhavya, your eyes have not been gratified with an object which beſt deſerves to be ſeen.

Mádh. Yes, truly; for a king is before them.

Duſhm. All men are apt, indeed to think favourably of themſelves; but I meant Sacontalá, the brighteſt ornament of theſe woods.

Mádh. [*Aſide.*] I muſt not foment this paſſion.—[*Aloud.*] What can you gain by ſeeing her? She is a Bráhmen's daughter, and conſequently no match for you.

Duſhm. What! Do people gaze at the new moon, with uplifted heads and fixed eyes, from a hope of poſſeſſing it? But you muſt know, that the heart of Duſhmanta is not fixed on an object which he muſt for ever deſpair of attaining.

Mádh. Tell me now.

Duſhm. She is the daughter of a pious prince and warriour, by a celeſtial nymph; and, her mother having left her on earth, ſhe has been foſtered by Canna, even as a freſh bloſſom of Malati, which droops on its pendant ſtalk, is raiſed and expanded by the ſun's light.

Mádh. [*Laughing.*] Your deſire to poſſeſs this ruſtick girl, when you have women bright as gems in your palace already, is like the fancy of a man, who has loſt his reliſh for dates, and longs for the ſour tamarind.

Duſhm. Did you know her, you would not talk ſo wildly.

Mádh. Oh! certainly, whatever a king admires muſt be ſuperlatively charming.

Duſhm. [*Smiling.*] What need is there of long deſcription? When I meditate on the power of Brahmà, and on her lineaments, the creation of ſo tranſcendent a jewel outſhines, in my apprehenſion, all his other works: ſhe was formed and moulded in the eternal mind, which had raiſed with its utmoſt exertion, the ideas of perfect ſhapes, and thence made an aſſemblage of all abſtract beauties.

Madh. She muſt render, then, all other handſome women contemptible.

Duſhm. In my mind ſhe really does. I know not yet what bleſſed inhabitant of this world will be the poſſeſſor of that faultleſs beauty, which now reſembles a bloſſom whoſe fragrance has not been diffuſed; a freſh leaf, which no hand has torn from its ſtalk, a pure diamond, which no poliſher has handled; new honey, whoſe ſweetneſs is yet untaſted: or rather the celeſtial fruit of collected virtues, to the perfection of which nothing can be added.

Madh. Make haſte, then, or the fruit of all virtues will drop into the hand of ſome devout ruſtick, whoſe hair ſhines with oil of Ingudi.

Duſhm. She is not her own miſtreſs; and her foſter-father is at a diſtance.

Madh. How is ſhe diſpoſed towards you?

Duſhm. My friend, the damſels in a hermit's family are naturally reſerved; yet ſhe did look at me, wiſhing to be unperceived; then ſhe ſmiled, and ſtarted a new ſubject of converſation. Love is by nature averſe to a ſudden communication, and hitherto neither fully diſplays, nor wholly conceals himſelf in her demeanour towards me.

Madh. [*Laughing.*] Has ſhe thus taken poſſeſſion of your heart on ſo tranſient a view?

Duſhm. When ſhe walked about with her female friends, I ſaw her yet more diſtinctly, and my paſſion was greatly augmented. She ſaid ſweetly, but untruly, "My foot is hurt by the points of the Cuſa graſs:" then ſhe ſtopped; but ſoon advancing a few paces, turned back her face pretending a wiſh to diſentangle her veſt of woven bark from the branches in which it had not really been caught.

Madh. You began with chaſing an antelope, and have now ſtarted new game: thence it is, I preſume, that you are grown ſo fond of a conſecrated foreſt.

Duſhm. Now the buſineſs for you, which I mentioned, is this: you who are a Brahmen, muſt find ſome expedient for my ſecond entrance into that aſylum of virtue.

Madh. And the advice which I give is this: remember that you are a king.

Duſhm. What then?

Madh. "Hola! bid the hermits bring my ſixth part of their grain." Say this, and enter the grove without ſcruple.

Duſhm. No, Madhavya: they pay a different tribute, who having abandon-

ed all the gems and gold of this world, poſſeſs riches far ſuperiour. The wealth of princes, collected from the four orders of their ſubjects, is periſhable; but pious men give us a ſixth part of the fruits of their piety: fruits which will never periſh.

Behind the ſcenes.] Happy men that we are! we have now attained the object of our deſire.

Duſhm. Hah! I hear the voices of ſome religious anchorites.

The Chamberlain enters.

Cham. May the king be victorious!—Two young men, ſons of a hermit, are waiting at my ſtation, and ſoliciting an audience.

Duſhm. Introduce them without delay.

Cham. As the king commands.—[*He goes out, and re-enters with two* Bráhmens.]—Come on; come this way.

Firſt Bráhm. [*Looking at the king.*] Oh! what confidence is inſpired by his brilliant appearance!—Or proceeds it rather from his diſpoſition to virtue and holineſs!———Whence comes it, that my fear vaniſhes?———He now has taken his abode in a wood which ſupplies us with every enjoyment; and with all his exertions for our ſafety, his devotion increaſes from day to day.—The praiſe of a monarch who has conquered his paſſions aſcends even to heaven: inſpired bards are continually ſinging, "Behold a virtuous prince!" but with us the royal name ſtands firſt: "Behold, among kings, a ſage!"

Second Bráhm. Is this my friend, the truly virtuous Duſhmanta?

Firſt Bráhm. Even he.

Second Bráhm. It is not then wonderful, that he alone, whoſe arm is lofty and ſtrong as the main bar of his city gate, poſſeſſes the whole earth, which forms a dark boundary to the ocean; or that the gods of Swerga, who fiercely contend in battle with evil powers, proclaim victory gained by his braced bow, not by the thunderbolt of INDRA.

Both. [*Approaching him.*] O king, be victorious!

Duſhm. [*Riſing.*] I humbly ſalute you both.

Both. Bleſſings on thee!

Duſhm. [*Reſpectfully.*] May I know the cauſe of this viſit?

Firſt Brahm. Our ſovereign is hailed by the pious inhabitants of theſe woods; and they implore———

Duſhm. What is their command?

Firſt Brahm. In the abſence of our ſpiritual guide, Canna, ſome evil demons are diſturbing our holy retreat. Deign, therefore, accompanied by thy charioteer, to be maſter of our aſylum, if it be only for a few ſhort days.

Duſhm. [*Eagerly.*] I am highly favoured by your invitation.

Madh. [*Aſide.*] Excellent promoters of your deſign! They draw you by the neck, but not againſt your will.

Duſhm. Raivataca, bid my charioteer bring my car, with my bow and quiver.

Cham. I obey. [*He goes out.*

Firſt Brahm. Such condeſcenſion well becomes thee, who art an univerſal guardian.

Second Brahm. Thus do the deſcendants of Puru perform their engagement to deliver their ſubjects from fear of danger.

Duſhm. Go firſt, holy men: I will follow inſtantly.

Both. Be ever victorious! [*They go out.*

Duſhm. Shall you not be delighted, friend Mádhavya, to ſee my Sacontalá?

Madh. At firſt I ſhould have no objection; but I have a conſiderable one ſince the ſtory of the demons.

Duſhm. Oh! fear nothing: you will be near me.

Madh. And you, I hope, will have leiſure to protect me from them.

The Chamberlain re-enters.

Cham. May our lord be victorious!—The imperial car is ready; and all are expecting your triumphant approach. Carabba too, a meſſenger from the queen-mother, is juſt arrived from the city.

Duſhm. Is he really come from the venerable queen?

Cham. There can be no doubt of it.

Duſhm. Let him appear before me. [*The Chamberlain goes out, and returns with the Meſſenger.*

Cham. There ſtands the king—O Carabba, approach him with reverence.

Meſſ. [*Proſtrating himſelf.*] May the king be ever victorious!——The royal mother ſends this meſſage——

Duſhm. Declare her command.

Meſſ. Four days hence the uſual faſt for the advancement of her ſon will be kept with ſolemnity; and the preſence

of the king (may his life be prolonged!) will then be required.

Duſhm. On one hand is a commiſſion from holy Brahmens; on the other, a command from my revered parent: both duties are ſacred, and neither muſt be neglected.

Madh. [*Laughing.*] Stay ſuſpended between them both, like king Triſancu between heaven and earth; when the pious men ſaid, "Riſe!" and the gods of Swerga ſaid, "Fall!"

Duſhm. In truth I am greatly perplexed. My mind is principally diſtracted by the diſtance of the two places where the two duties are to be performed; as the ſtream of a river is divided by rocks in the middle of its bed.—[*Muſing.*]—Friend Madhavya, my mother brought you up as her own ſon, to be my playfellow, and to divert me in my childhood. You may very properly act my part in the queen's devotions. Return then to the city, and give an account of my diſtreſs through the commiſſion of theſe reverend foreſters.

Madh. That I will;—but you could not really ſuppoſe that I was afraid of demons!

Duſhm. How come you who are an egregious Brahmen, to be ſo bold on a ſudden?

Madh. Oh! I am now a young king.

Duſhm. Yes, certainly; and I will diſpatch my whole train to attend your highneſs, whilſt I put an end to the diſturbance in this hermitage.

Madh. [*Strutting.*] See, I am a prince regnant.

Duſhm. [*Aſide.*] This buffoon of a Brahmen has a ſlippery genius. He will perhaps diſcloſe my preſent purſuit to the women in the palace. I muſt try to deceive him.—[*Taking Mádhavya by the hand.*]—I ſhall enter the foreſt, be aſſured, only through reſpect for its pious inhabitants; not from any inclination for the daughter of a hermit. How far am I raiſed above a girl educated among antelopes; a girl, whoſe heart muſt ever be a ſtranger to love!—The tale was invented for my diverſion.

Madh. Yes, to be ſure; only for your diverſion!

Duſhm. Then farewel, my friend; execute my commiſſion faithfully, whilſt I proceed——to defend the anchorites.

[*All go out.*

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

SEDUCTION....A POEM.

Continued from p. 369.

TO tell thoſe arts the ſecret villain forg'd,
How gain'd that love his fated ſtomach gorg'd,
Would be, impervious through the thorny brake
To trace the flexures of the ſlipp'ry ſnake.
Enough to know that ſin to union tends,
And ev'ry Vice its ſiſter Vice befriends;
Thus horrid aids to horrid purpoſe ſpeed.
Thus hell communion'd crown'd the *damning deed.*

Ah, ſimple maid, who own'd his plighted love!
Who chang'd for titled wealth thy quiet grove!
Thoſe roſy cheeks, that vied with morning's hue,
Thoſe ſparkling eyes, that ſham'd her brighteſt blue,
The pleaſant taſk that ſerv'd to ſweeten play,
The healthful ſlumbers light, the cheerful day.
The lowly joys the vacant ruſtick knows;
All, all were loſt, and loſt for gilded woes!

Sad was the eve, and mournful ev'ry gale,
When o'er the hills you left our little vale.
Nor rural reed that charm'd at twilight cloſe,
Nor homeward woodman ſinging as he goes,

Nor murmur ſoft, that whiſper'd through the grove,
Where Leiſure ſweet with Paſtime lov'd to rove,
Nor aught of ſounds, that us'd to cheer the lawn,
Were heard as once—for Lucy now was gone!
Her lengthen'd note the boding raven pour'd,
The village fall in hollow murmurs roar'd;
Cold o'er the dews, with throbbing boſom bare,
Pale Sorrow ſtalk'd and wav'd her ſable hair,
While muffling Night through heavy darkneſs frown'd,
And awful Stillneſs breath'd her horrours round:
The ſcene all drear, in deſert ſlumber laid,
Like hoary manſion of the mould'ring dead.

Still, true to woe, that parting ſcene revives,
And cloſing wounds with freſhening anguiſh rives;
Still o'er my cheek a childiſh tear will flow,
And fruitleſs ſorrow ne'er a reſpite know.

The ſun had ſunk beneath his weſtern way,
And tender Twilight ſhed her penſive grey;
No breeze was heard the ſlender reed to move,
And weary Nature paus'd in dreams of love.
Then throng'd the train to bid their laſt farewell—
But only look'd, what grief forbad to tell;
For each a friend in favourite Lucy own'd,
And ſever'd love each playmate's heart bemoan'd.
Their ſports had oft the ſummer's day deceiv'd,
One paſtime pleas'd them and one ſorrow griev'd:
And then to loſe her, ev'ry tie was broke;—
Sighs fill'd the vale, and wonted mirth forſook.

With brimming eyes, where ſilent bleſſings flow'd,
Some treaſur'd trifle ev'ry ſwain beſtow'd,
Then ſlowly turn'd and ſep'rate wound away:
Drear was the eve, all loneſome was the way.

Thus cheriſh'd friendſhip wings the keeneſt dart,
Full oft may ſooth, but oftener rends the heart.
Looſe let me range where random Fortune wills,
Unfelt its raptures, and unknown its ills.

Sad mid the throng the rev'rend Bruno ſtood,
His evening's bleſſing fled, yet mildly gobd;
Time's lengthen'd debt his furrow'd forehead bore,
And honour'd froſts his ringlets ſprinkl'd o'er:
Propp'd on a ſtaff, his age's laſt relief,
Oppreſs'd with years, but more oppreſs'd with grief,
He tott'ring lean'd—the tears in fondneſs roll'd—
But naught but tears his ſilent ſufferings told;
For firm on God the ruſtick ſaint rely'd,
And healing hope with trembling voice apply'd.

"Yet, yet, a few vain days of April joys,
Of friendleſs anguiſh and of empty noiſe,
And all is huſh'd, and little man's forgot—
Slow beats his bell, and nature waits her lot.
Ceaſe then, my child, ah, Lucy, ceaſe to mourn!
Nor waſte in truant tears youth's fleeting morn;
Thy image ſtill my lonely hours ſhall cheer,
And lov'd remembrance hold thee ever dear:
Thee ſhall the cloſe of ſummer's eve reſtore,
When, ſilent ſitting at our cottage door,
The drowſy gales through trembling poplars ſigh,
And nightly birds their mournful veſpers ply;

Or muſing oft by winter's ſocial blaze,
With thee renew'd, I'll act o'er former days,
Still at the wicket wait thy wiſh'd return,
And anxious tidings from each traveller learn:
The buſy wheel, the ſong of *Robin Grey*,
In fancy freſh, ſhall ſooth a gloomy day.
Diſtance may part this lump of kneaded loam,
A breath may blaſt it, or a ſtraw foredoom;
But kindred ſouls no mortal mounds withhold,
In ruin reckleſs and in being bold.
And now farewell! and oft when far away
Thy youthful ſteps through roſy windings ſtray,
Remember well the moral tales I taught—
The world nor deem too wiſe, nor Bruno nought;
For ſoon through tears this ſacred truth ſhall beam,
A parent's friendſhip's next to God's ſupreme.
And, oh, where e'er thou go'ſt may ſorrow fly!
Smooth be thy way and guardian angels nigh!"

O'ercome with grief, the good man could no more,
But wav'd his hand and ſilent ſought the door;
Its hinges hoarſe with hollow murmur cloſe,
And preſage dark his boding boſom froze.

By Alva rous'd, who eager chid their ſtay,
Sad through the gate his Lucy took her way;
Beſide the path, then ſmooth with frequent tread,
Where yonder thiſtle waves its barren head,
In ſervice old and white with honeſt hoar,
(Emblem of Him, whoſe quiet rule he bore)
Stretch'd in the cool of evening's tranquil ray,
True to his truſt the faithful watch-dog lay.
Beneath their roof his earlieſt breath he drew,
The humble friend of all the village crew;
Oft on his back, that ſtooping met its load,
In childiſh ſport his playful miſtreſs rode;
And oft had Tray, with neighb'ring playmates pair'd,
Before the cot her ſimple ſupper ſhar'd.
The fall of feet the weary veteran drew,
And o'er his friend a wiſtful eye he threw,
That feebly gleam'd through age's evening tear,
And ſadly ſtoried all he had to fear.
"And doſt thou too," ſhe ſigh'd, "my ſorrows ſhare?
Thy Lucy's loſs ſhall many friends repair;
Alas, for thee (a bliſs to me deny'd)
Thy native fields and happy home abide;
No doubtful change thy peaceful reſt annoys,
No parted parent, and no rifled joys;
And yet I would thy wintry joints were young,
As once they were, when round thy neck I clung;
For I with thee ſome thoughtful hour might chéer,
When wayward fancy moulds a bitter tear.
But fare thee well—remember'd be my Tray,
Whoſe labour'd limbs are paſt their uſeful day."
The wicket clos'd, and o'er the hollow ground
Her parting ſteps in mournful meaſure ſound.
Awhile he paus'd, and homeward turn'd his view,
Then ey'd the gate where late his friend withdrew:
Still in the gale his leſſening name return'd,
And hapleſs "Tray" alone the valley mourn'd;
But, impotent to riſe, each effort try'd,
Beſide the door he crawl'd, and whining dy'd.

Jeer not this tribute to an humble friend,
Not mean the ſubject, if the verſe offend;
Worth e'en in Tray my better feelings moves,
Tho' rigid reaſon ſneering diſapproves.

Oh! it does gall me in the tend'reſt part,
And bids each pulſe with indignation ſtart,
When peeviſh churls, unknowing how to feel,
Their worthier brutes do ſpurn with brutal heel.
With *him* all friendſhip, kindred I diſclaim,
And brand his mem'ry with a villain's name,
Whoſe narrow ſoul would vent its coward ſpleen
On pooreſt reptile, that poſſeſs'd the green,
Rent from the entrails of ſome rocky mine,
By furies faſhion'd at the moon's decline,
With naught that's human, ſave an outward form,
Deſign'd for judgments and create for ſtorm,
There are, who feaſt on cries of tortur'd breath,
And hold their paſtimes in the courts of death.
But, unprovok'd, who baſeſt being harms,
Is dead to manhood and to nature's charms—
Would unconcern'd, to gain ſome paltry end,
Renounce his Saviour, and traduce his friend.
Mercy ne'er ſleeps within a generous mind,
But ſcatters bleſſings gen'ral as the wind.

Near theſe waſte walls, this rudely fractur'd frame,
Where hoary Ruin holds his deſert reign,
Noting the thefts that ſtealthy Time achieves
By moulder'd fragments tumbled from the eaves;
At dead of night, when awful Stillneſs broods
'Neath ſleepy ſhadow of the noiſeleſs woods,
Remote from all I mourn poor Lucy's fate;
And nurſe the woes theſe idle lines relate.
For here with her at eve I us'd to rove;
Here gain'd the promiſe of her early love;
And here e'en now, ſecure from reſtleſs fame,
Had known the joys, that wait an humbler name.
But rapid Time had ſcarce that period told,
When ardent boyhood feels the man unfold,
What time the down was dawning on my cheek,
And ſober Reaſon bow'd to childiſh freak,
When round the vale I roll'd a ſickly eye,
And heav'd for nobler ſcenes a fooliſh ſigh.
Oft on the lonely head of ſome vaſt height,
When gathering tempeſts ſhed prophetick night,
In ſtrange repoſe I liſtening lean'd to hear,
While doubling thunders ſhook the palſied ſphere:
And oft at eve when all the hamlet ſlept,
And waking fays from folded roſes crept,
Muſing, I lov'd to haunt ſome poet ſtream;
And gaze all wiſtful on the moon's mild beam.
Thus, frenzied grown, I burn'd for vain renown,
My crook reſign'd, and ſought the faithleſs town.

(To be continued.)

LOVE EPISTLE.

Messrs. Editors,

Amatory epiſtles are as antiquated as the paſſion they reſpire; and Hiſtory is indebted to conjecture for the origin of Love. No ſonnets are recorded of the courtſhip of Adam, but who can diſcredit the numbers that our Mother inſpired! The influence of Love on the Lyre was never more eminently evinced, than in the following Elogy on Betty. Fortunately, we have hitherto avoided the peril of her charms; for ſomething approaching the conflagration of the ſenſitives *has been ſeriouſly apprehended from the portraiture of her Beau.*

"*Omnia vincit Amor: & nos cedamus Amori.*"

Peculiar Betty, Fortunate as Fair! Fortunate in the Friendſhip of thy Preſident! Fair, peculiarly Fair, in Intellect and

Form! "*Laura, to this Lady, was but a kitchen-wench; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipſey; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thiſbe, a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe.*"

Fain would I tune the Jewſharp, Love,
for Thee,
And waft Thy praiſe to Waſhy o'er the Sea:
Fain view the heel-taps of theſe witching
Shoes.
Or kiſs their little printings 'mong the dews.
Periſh PRESUMPTUOUS! *nor preſume a ſigh!*
My Bet, my Life, my Ang——I faint—
I die!!!

....

TRANSCENDANT BETTY,

IN the inexhauſtible infinitude of thy beatifick perfections, ſuffer thy moſt paſſionate adorer one celeſtial ſmile on thy nectareous lips. Pardon him, moſt enchanting of thy ſex, if in the tranſporting paroxiſms of ſeraphick admiration he dares one day hope for one electrick kiſs on thoſe cherubick corals to lull his ſoul into a ſweet delirium of agoniſing ecſtaſy. O, moſt egregiouſly benignant angel, to affix a value to the ſmalleſt hair of thy tranſlucent head would be to eſtimate a world of diamonds; but to delineate thy beauty would be to paint a heaven which we never ſaw, and talk a language that we never knew.

Would that the ſun to view thy eyes
could meet!
His rav'nous envy would conſume his
heat,
And waſte his carcaſe to a lump of peat.
Would that the ſpheres thy tuneful
voice could hear!
Such ſweet confuſion would their bodies
wear
As ſoon to earth would ſend them, dropping down
To dance a hornpipe round thy angel
crown.
Would that the Goddeſs, of renown ſo
great,
Celeſtial DIAN! could behold thy gait.
Her bluſhing highneſs would to ſtilts
conform,
And high-heel'd ſhoes by all her train
be worn.
Celeſtial BETTY, deign this gift receive,
The richeſt treaſure my fond heart can
give;
On thy fair boſom let it hence remain,
Until in death you give it me again.
And when far hence, beyond the grave
you fly,
To rove the fields of yonder glitt'ring
ſky,
Inform each angel, as they flock to thee,
That once, on earth, you thought of
love and me;
Then ſhall each cherub, as I enter there,
Douſe his congée and give me welcome
cheer.
O, maid ſeraphick! ſoothe my aching
heart,
'Tis death alone us turtle-doves can part.

VERSES

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP AT MIDNIGHT.

By Mr. C——, a young Gentleman, who died of a conſumption a few days after writing them.

I.

YE heavenly ſounds! enchanting notes!
That ſwell the whiſp'ring breeze;
Say whence your ſoft complaining airs,
Your magick power to pleaſe.

II.

Are ye ſome fairy, tiny voice,
That, by the glow-worm's light,
At lonely hours, your vigils keep,
Unmark'd by mortal ſight?

III.

Are ye ſome nymph of antient time,
Like Echo's hapleſs maid,
In plaintive ſongs that woo'd your love,
Till chang'd into a ſhade?

IV.

Or, are ye Oſſian's paſſing ghoſt
That thus the midnight cheers,
And to the fair Malvina tunes
The tale of other years?

V.

Sweet ſounds! that melt the ſoul to love,
My ſenſes captive take,
Soft as the cygnet's dying voice,
That's wafted from the lake.

VI.

Oh! ceaſe not to my liſt'ning ear;
Still tune your heav'nly lay;
And by your ſtrains my raptur'd ſoul
To Paradiſe convey.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For AUGUST, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

ARTICLE 56.

A theoretick explanation of the science of sanctity, according to reason, scripture, common sense, and the analogy of things: containing an idea of God: of his creations, and kingdoms: of the holy scriptures: of the christian trinity, and of the gospel system. By Thomas Fessenden, A. M. pastor of the church in Walpole, N. H. Printed by Wm. Fessenden, for the author. Brattleboro', Vermont. 1804. 8*vo. pp.* 308.

It has been the misfortune of theology on this side the Atlantick to have received little illustration from the learning, while it has suffered much embarrassment, and false refinement from the ingenuity and subtilty of its professors. The catalogue of American divines is not crowded with philologers and criticks, with scholars versed in the sacred idiom, and provided with the furniture of sacred science; but we discover in the villages and hamlets of New-England scholastick theologues, hair splitting metaphysicians, long-breathed controversialists, pamphleteers, and publishers of single sermons,

> Thick as autumnal leaves which strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa.

In American literary history it would perhaps be in vain to search for one *omnis Minervæ homo*; and in the learning peculiar to theology, no divine, since the days of our puritan ancestors, has attained an eminence, which has attracted the notice of Europe; but in the metaphysicks of theology we can boast of Edwards, Witherspoon, Hopkins, Emmons, West, Dickinson, and a long *et cætera* of names, of some of which the sound has gone forth unto the ends of the earth, while others are destined to remain the temporary pride and wonder of a county only, or a village.

To the class of system-makers another is now added; and we are here presented with "a theoretick explanation of the science of sanctity, according to reason, scripture, common sense, and the analogy of things." This production is an absolute non-descript; and one half its readers, after having gone through the book, will not probably know much more about it, than they have now found out from the title. If it were fairly written in any living or dead language we should venture to speak more decidedly of the merit of its novelties, because, by the help of a grammar and dictionary, we might hope in time to reach its meaning. But ever since we took up this book, which is really not without the merit of ingenuity, we have been gaping after the

sense of passages, which it would puzzle Œdipus to unravel, and guessing at the signification of terms, which we might hope to find only in a Thesaurus of the languages at Babel. Here may the curious reader cull some of the newest words which have enriched Columbian dictionaries, many of the choicest phrases of cis-atlantick writers, not a few grammatical solecisms, and a plentiful variety of compound and decompound epithets, and polysyllabick terms of every description, now for the first, and, as we hope, last time set in types and impressed on paper. Of the style in which this book is written we propose now to give our readers a foretaste, which we think will sufficiently excuse us, if in the short sketch we shall give of its contents, we should be found to have misapprehended the meaning of the author.

First. As to the titles of Lord and King as belonging to the divine majesty, and the prerogatives of his sovereignty or imperial estate.

Lord and God are of near affinity, and are often joined in scripture. In a civil law sense, a Lord is a superior proprietor of things and persons. Math. xx. 8. Gen. xxxi. 35. As *possessor*, God is Lord of heaven and earth and all things in them. Governing powers of the natural and legal kind are Lords who have a kind of propriety in those to whom they stand in this relation. I. Pet. iii. 6.

But an authoritative Lord is one that *beareth rule*, and is so far *unsubject*. To the civil sovereignty, whether lodged in one or more persons, the law attributes a public *lordship*, consisting in the great and supreme rights of government. The subjects of a legal lord are his lieges, and between him and them there subsists a mutual obligation even where no formal contract is made. In nobility learning, which treats of titles of honour, the greater dominant estates are lords. Jud. xvi. 8. God as Lord is of dominant condition over the universe, as a supreme authoritative power, *pantocrator*, *all imperial*, and a liege lord to his liege subjects.

GOD IS KING.

This is of great note in the bible, though it is disregarded by many divines, and not accounted of in most systems, but considered as a metaphor when it comes in their way. But, He is no otherwise *God*, than he is *King*. I. Tim. i. 17.——*p.* 22.

The kingship of God imports a reigning condition or estate; to this agree the titles of the most High, the supreme Potentate, Power, &c. Goodness, greatness, glory, belong to him as a person of regal dignity. The reigning estate, is the *sublimity* of the godhead, the *summity* of the divine supremacy, the *dignity* of the *peerless supereminency*, and *transcendency of God.*——*p.* 23.

The imperial Father is the head of a vital empire, and must possess that life which is *constituitive* of his person, and that life which is *communicative*, which is the essence of the Holy Spirit, who was the Father's agent in creation, and in the Son's generation, and in the communication of vital sanctity to the whole empire. And the imperial Son is mediate Head of a vital empire: and there is in his essence the vitality which is *constituitive* of his person, and the vitality which is *communicative*. Therefore the one divine essence must be considered as it is the *constituitive personal essence of the Father as the primitive*, and the *constituitive personal essence of the Son, as the derivative, confronted to the divine essence the communicative, which is the constituitive essence of the Holy Ghost.* That vitality which the Father's essence is, as the primitive, must be confronted to the Son's as the derivative, and as it is the *constituitive*, it is confronted to the *communicative*, which is the Holy Ghost's. And in like manner the vitality of the Son as the *derivative*, must be confronted to the vitality the primitive; and as it is merely the *constituitive* of his person, it must be confronted to the *communicative.*——*p.* 212, 213.

The preface, which is rather better written than the rest of the book, is occupied in stating the author's belief, that much improvement may be made in the science of theology, and that much of the present corruption of christian doctrine has originated in the Platonism of the early fathers, whose piety he professes to venerate, but whose infallibility he resolutely denies. He offers an apology for the compound words which he has fabricated, "because no others," he says, "would express his idea;" declaring with St. Augustin, *mallem reprehendent grammatici, quam non intelligant populi.* But, with St. Augustin's leave, this is a most absurd sentiment; for never was a writing the more intelligible because it violated syntax, purity, or precision.

The first chapter of this anomalous production is entitled, "an idea of God." His definition is, "God is definitively the Divine Majesty, actually reigning, and exercising imperial sway over the universe of creatures." Much in the same style is the whole of this chapter; where old maxims are wrapped up in curious phraseology, common notions presented in odd attitudes, and for new purposes, and distinctions and definitions, some of which are valuable in themselves, and others important only to the author, multiplied without mercy and without end. His remarks on the meaning of the word *nature*, particularly as applied to God, we shall now quote; because much use is made of them in other parts of the book.

By a nature and life the same thing is to be understood, and it is the specifick property of a thing, the vital substance of a being, which constitutes and denominates it, and distinguisheth one being from all others of another kind. It is not therefore a being, person, or agent of itself, nor hath it any existence but in relation to the subject to which it belongs. To ascribe personal acts to a nature, or to speak of worshipping the divine nature, however common, is a real impropriety, and manifest absurdity. ——Saints, as saints, are one with God and Christ, by a participation of the divine nature. John xvii. 21, 22. It is an essential oneness, if nature and essence are the same; but if essence signifies something different from nature, as it is no scripture word, Thomas Aquinas, or any one else may have it.——One person or being may have more than one nature, but one personal agent, or being, cannot have more than one intellect without destroying his individuality. In men there are two natures, an animal nature of flesh and blood, common to them and beasts, and a rational soul with its vital substance, wherein humanity properly consists; and in regenerate christians the divine nature is added to these and yet there is but one individual personality, as there is but one intellect.—— By a nature as applied to God is not intended his metaphyfical entity as the first being, nor his mere intellectuality. These constitute no *specifick* difference, but only what is *gradual*, between him and other beings or intellectualists. Being or existence in any degree is no more the divine nature, than Behemoth partakes of the divine nature because he is great. Creatures may exist, be invisible, incorruptible, intelligent, and immortal in *a degree* and not partake of the divine nature. *pp.* 16, 18.

You see, gentle reader, what the divine nature is not; we do not promise you, that you shall *understand* what it is. "The divine nature is that whereby God is God. It is his life and constitution; it is *vital, true sanctity, holiness, spirit, light, love, and eternal life.*——Unbounded sanctity is the vital substance in which the infinite intellect of God exists." P. 18. This indistinct notion

however of essence or nature is the key to his language on the subject of the Trinity, a subject which occupies more than half of the work.

In the second chapter, which treats "of the original creation and kingdom of God," we have an incomparable mixture of truth and falsehood, good sense and absurdity, credulity and scepticism, rational theology and the most vague and ridiculous conjectures. He combats the chimeras of others, however, with such fearless honesty, that he may sometimes be pardoned for suggesting his own. By the original creation and kingdom of God, he intends a society of holy "rationals," or intelligent spirits, existing with God before the formation of our world. These subjects of God's original kingdom were angels, and pre-existent human spirits, created holy, under a law which required "unsinning" obedience. They inhabited the place called heaven, about the locality of which he offers a conjecture. He supposes the peculiar brightness of the milky way is occasioned by the vicinity of this celestial world. Notwithstanding the holiness and happiness of this society, yet as they were left to the freedom of their own wills, a number of the angelick rank with Satan at their head, and the whole order of human spirits, revolted from their lawful sovereign. Having thus lost the original righteousness in which they were all created, they are incapacitated for heaven; and while the rebel angels are hopelessly confined in chains of darkness, the human spirits are successively sent into this world, where, by being united to flesh and blood, they suffer all the inconveniences of our present state, not for the sin of Adam in paradise, but for their own sins in a pre-existent state. All that in his opinion we suffer by Adam is the loss of animal life. To this, indeed, he confesses we should have been naturally exposed, but on account of the transgression of our progenitor it was rendered positive and penal. We expected some new and ingenious reasoning in favour of the exploded doctrine of pre-existence; but we can find only the following argument,....No man can be restored to what he has not lost. We are restored to something by Christ; but we lost nothing by Adam; therefore we must have possessed in some *former* state that to which we are restored, viz. a portion of the divine nature, i.e. vital sanctity, i. e. original righteousness. Q. E. D.....Truly this is a proof of which "Trismegistus, Pythagoras, Plato, the Egyptian Gymnosophists, and Indian Bramins," could never have dreamt. From this visionary region, however, he frequently descends into the old and beaten paths of rational theology and common sense. He reasons ingeniously in favour of the opinion, that the Mosaick account of the Hexäemeron, does not require us to suppose a creation out of nothing; he exposes the absurdity of the dogmas of imputed righteousness and imputed guilt; and throws occasional gleams of light on the obscurities of the earliest dispensations. But the reader will look in vain for any long continued series of sensible remarks, and le-

gitimate conclusions. The author's evil genius is perpetually recovering the ascendancy, and then he begins to talk confidently about the Devil, his kingdom, offices, ministers, subjects, territory, titles, and shape. He espies the sinuous track of the old serpent in the absurdities and horrid crimes of savage superstition, and in all the humiliating extravagances, which deform every period of the history of man. King James wrote a Dæmonology, to which these pages on the "Devil's worldly kingdom" might be subjoined, as a statistical account of the empire.

The next chapter is entitled "a delineation of the character of the Scriptures, as holy, popular, unphilosophical, antimetaphysical, and theopolitical." Notwithstanding these hard words, this is quite a sensible chapter; and whoever can overlook harsh epithets, quaint phrases, and terms needlessly invented, will say, when he reaches the end, *macte, Senex,....O si sic omnia!* Neither from this, nor from any other portion of the work, have we been able to ascertain the opinion of the writer on the subject of inspiration.

The seven following chapters embrace what is undoubtedly the favourite object of the present publication, a statement of the author's notions on the character of Christ, and on the christian trinity. We would gladly present our readers with an analysis of every chapter in its order; but (to borrow a word from poetry) so *fitful* is the progress of his reasoning, so intricate are his movements, so abrupt are some of his digressions, and so impalpable are many of his notions, that we are not always confident of having understood him ourselves; and even when we have caught his slippery meaning, we despair of holding it long enough to hand it to our readers. We have therefore chosen to give you at once those few outlines of his scheme, which we think we have discerned through the vexatious obscurity of a style, which is unquestionably *sui generis;* a style which never had a prototype, and we trust will never have a copy.

We can easily tell you what he is not; for never was a divine less solicitous of disguising his sentiments, to conciliate orthodox or heretick. He is not an Athanasian; for scarcely is there a contemptuous epithet, which he does not bestow on those who hold what he calls the traditionary dogma of three persons in one God. He is not an Arian; for, while the subordinate divinity of the Son and Holy Ghost forms an article of his creed, we cannot find that he believes Christ to have existed before his "Bethlehemetical generation," though he maintains the pre-existence of all other human souls. And he is not a Socinian; for, besides his peculiar notion of the person of Christ, which we shall presently attempt to state, he vindicates without difficulty the personality of the Holy Spirit. His scheme coincides, however, in many points with that of the early Polish Socinians, in others with the last conclusions of the excellent but irresolute Watts, and in others with the gross conceptions of an Anthropomorphite.

The unity of the Supreme God,

as one individual person, and the only underived being in the universe, is the primary tenet of his faith. The Father alone is essentially and absolutely God, and to him is all religious homage ultimately due. Though the Son and Spirit are also Gods, yet their divinity, as well as their existence, proceeds from the Father. As each possesses distinct personality, it is impossible they should constitute one individual being. They are therefore one, only as they exercise, each in his proper office, a consentient dominion over the new creation. This Trinity he considers as peculiar to christianity ; an administration of the divine government, with which the church only is concerned. The Son of God is Jesus of Nazareth, who had no existence in any state or capacity before his conception in the womb of the virgin. He supposes this to have been a real and proper generation ; and if we may be pardoned for copying his language, which sometimes treads on the brink of blasphemy, "the divine nature possesses a power and principle of fecundity," so that, in plain terms, Jesus was born a proper and natural son of God, an infant prince, and heir of deity. The incarnation and humiliation of Christ do not, in his opinion, refer to his birth of the virgin ; for as he did not exist before his birth, which was the beginning of his "personal subsistence," there could be no condescension in his being born ; thus the generation, conception, and nativity of Jesus, were no more the acts of Jesus, than they are the acts of any other infant, which is ushered into life.

We confess that we have not been able to comprehend this author's notion of the character of Jesus during his minority, and before his entrance on his publick mission. If we recur to his former remarks on the word nature, we may perhaps understand him when he says, that in Jesus were united from his birth the divine and human natures, without the animal nature of flesh and blood, which man shares in common with the brutes. Still however he grew up with a body, which possessed the form of God, was admitted to heaven, and resided for a time at the court of his Father. This our author calls his "ascentional remove ;" and thus supposes with Socinus, that Jesus was personllay in heaven before the commencement of his publick ministry. It was at the beginning of the gospel epoch, when John began to preach, that the word, or Jesus, was with God, and was God.

> He was not that God with whom he was, but the only begotten of that God, now arrived to perfection by the progress of nature he was born subject unto. God here is without an article in the Greek, to distinguish him from the Father, and to denote that He was not in *state* God ; that is, in a reigning condition, vested with any power of actual government. This is the God afterwards manifest in flesh.——*p.* 141.

When the fulness of time was come, Jesus consents to leave the presence of his Father, where he enjoyed all the honours, which he possessed by native, hereditary right, empties himself of the form of God, and assumes a body of flesh and blood, which was prepared for him, that he might be

made in all things like unto his brethren, whom he came to save.

The scripture idea of the incarnation is precisely no more than the *sarkosis* becoming flesh of Jesus Christ, at that beginning which succeeded the termination of his generative capacity, and was the commencement of his missive economy. The sarkosis means no more than that at the descent of Jesus from heaven, and coming into our world, after emptying himself of the form of God, he assumed an animal body fitted for him, for a little while called flesh, flesh and blood. And thus coming in flesh he was anointed, made God's Messiah by the descent of the Holy Ghost at his baptism by John.

In every *state* after the person of Jesus was constituted by his Bethlehemetical generation and nativity, he remains the same essentially human divine, of two natures in one person. The several states he passes through do not alter his person, but so change his condition, that things rightly predicated of him in one state, are not compatible to him in another state. The becoming incarnate was only for a little while, a temporary thing : the days of his flesh were only during his ministry on earth, and are now over, but his essential divinity and humanity are the same yesterday, to day, and forever. In Isaiah ix. 6. and Philip. ii. 5. 11. we have three states of Jesus Christ mentioned at once ; and in 1. Cor. xv. 28, &c. a fourth.——*p.* 144.

While he was in flesh he had three natures in one person, the *human* in a true body, the *divine* in sanctity, and the *animal* in flesh and blood ; in neither nature had he any distinct subsistence or separate agency, but was one only intelligent agent. Thus the persons of the regenerate are now constituted. Jesus Christ at his death put off the animal nature, the flesh and blood he had assumed for a little while, and his body by a change of qualities became spiritual and glorious at his resurrection, as the bodies of the saints will be changed like unto his. He was therefore exactly a middle person between God and men, according to the present estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them. A middle person between God the Father and men, and not between the Trinity and men ; for it is as such a middle person, human divine, that he is the second person in the trinity. It is noticeable that as mediator he is called the *man Christ Jesus*, and he is to be honoured as the Father is and hath all judgment committed to him *because he is, or was the Son of man* : He is the *man* ordained to judge the world. Now in his transactions with God, he is called God, or the Son of God : but when he acts in God's behalf with men, he is called man, or the Son of man. So that in his treating with God he assumes a name expressive of his divinity : But in his treating with men, he assumes the more familiar name of man, or the Son of man. The ground hereof was not his birth of a woman a virgin, as we have before shown, for man had no concurrence therein, but his becoming the second Adam, when he came from heaven in his incarnate state : That ground hath now ceased since his exaltation, and if he is now called man or the Son of man, it is not for what *he is, but hath been, and is now more properly like to the Son of man.* Rev. i. 14.——*p.* 272.

Jesus is anointed Christ at his baptism, dies, and rises again ; and leaving the body of flesh and blood, ascends to his former hereditary rank, retaining however in one person the divine nature, which he possesses as properly begotten by God, united with the human, which he necessarily receives from Mary. By referring the incarnation to the period of Christ's entrance on his ministry, the author conceives that he avoids many difficulties ; and it must be confessed, that he has thrown light, whether delusive or true we do not determine, on many perplexing texts. If the reader complains of obscurity or absurdity in this account of our author's sentiments, we cannot help it. He speaks for himself in the following passages.

It appears there are two grounds or reasons of the filiation of Jesus Christ to God.

The first is, as Jesus, whereby he is the Son of God by *nature* the only begotten of the Father. The second is, as Christ, whereby he is divine by state. The divinity of the nature of Jesus can only be proved by his generation, and the communication of the divine life to him therein. But the divinity of the state of Christ is to be proved by his official dignity. Thus Christ proves his divinity of state from his being sanctified, *and sent into the world.* John x. 36. Mr. Emlyn and others who deny the divine nature of the Son, say he was only an official God, as magistrates are. It is allowed divinity of nature is not asserted here in John x. 36. however it may be supposed. As Christ he is God by office, but as Jesus he is God by nature, and it is impossible he should be otherwise as a Son of a divine Father. Even in the forecited John v. 30, and 38, his divinity of nature is also intimated, " I and my father are one," and " the Father is in me and I in him." Sanctity is divinity of nature, or life: and is only the vital substance, of the intelligent agent made partaker of it: the communication of it to Angels or the regenerate neither makes them all powerful nor all knowing. A nature is no intellect or intellectualist, but the substance of one, and therefore knows nothing of itself. Is it a valid proof that a man hath not the human nature because he knows not so much as Newton, or cannot reason like a Locke, or write a poem like Milton, or move a weight equal to Sampson or Archimedes? Just as well Jesus may be denied to be divine by nature when in the manger, because he was not that mighty God and great God our Saviour he came to be when the government was upon his shoulder. Let them prove that the only Begotten of the divine Father can be by nature of a different species from the Genitor, and it will be to some purpose. It makes nothing when the Son begins his personal existence; his life from the time of its being given, must be divine and eternal because the Father's is so.——*p.* 157.

Another inferential observation may pertinently be made, viz. That *divinity of nature alone* is no ground of religious worship, but divinity of state grounded on and added to divinity of nature is. It is only in his official character Christ is worshipped. Every man possesses the human nature equally with a king, and yet that nature is no object of civil worship, but only the person of him who is in state king. While Jesus was God's holy child and heir, he was truly divine by nature, but direct acts of divine worship were not then paid to him.

The worship of the wise men was *civil* according to the eastern mode; it was paid to the born king of the Jews, but it does not appear that they viewed him as divine. The worship ordered to be given him is because of his being the son of man, and having all judgment committed to him.——*p.* 159.

Should any object that we are to worship God only, and therefore if the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, were not in conjunction one God, it would be idolatry to worship the Son. The answer is easy, the worship paid the Son is not *supreme* though it is *divine*, but is such as the divine Father orders to be paid to the divine Son, to His own glory. Phil. ii. 2. The intelligent christian who knows the only true God, and Him whom he hath sent, worships each according to their personal idea and state, and for their personal works, and doth not confound the *sender*, and the sent, and the whole of the worship of Jesus Christ redounds to the glory of the Father, the fountain of all divinity of nature and state.

It is Jesus Christ as exalted, that is the mediatorial creator of all things, as shall be shewn in its place, which determines the nature and time of his creation. That it is spiritual and heavenly, not natural, earthly, or material, and that it did not take place till at or after his resurrection, the beginning of his exaltation.

Jesus Christ in his exaltation is the second person in the christian trinity, which is the triune administration of the kingdom of God.

An eternal Son, and an eternal Trinity, are mere scholasticisms, human inventions, and groundless traditions.

There was no Trinity before the re-

surrection of Christ, and there will be none after he hath delivered up the kingdom of the Father, and God shall be all in all. *Now* the government is that of the Father, of whom are all things, and of the Son, by whom are all things, and of the same Spirit, through whom are all things.

We would now state the author's notion of the Holy Spirit; but lest we should misrepresent it, we prefer quoting the following definition, which, though enlarged ed upon in several chapters, is scarcely rendered more intelligible.

The third Person in the christian Trinity is the *Holy Ghost.*

He hath been proved to be a personal agent, and not a mere virtue or energy: divine and not a creature: an eternal undivided essentiality of the one God, and not caused by any productive procession, or spiration. Officially the inspiration agent in the kingdom of God, and a peculiar kind of person, sustaining no politick relation to God, Christ, Angels, the Church, or individual Saints. His divinity of *nature* appears from his sanctity, for sanctity is divinity: and his divinity of *state* is evident from his junction with the Father and the Son in the divine sovereignty. The essence and power of the Holy Ghost, like that of the Son's is not another divided from the Father's, but *his* communicated, manifested, and exercised in a certain way and manner peculiar to the Holy Spirit, to the Father's glory, the source and fountain of all divinity of state and nature. The honour therefore due to each, must be divine according to their personal characters, and works: and the reason of this worship cannot be the same in each person, but differs as "of whom are all things, by whom are all things, through whom are all things," differ. The intelligent worshipper will not confound these distinctions, misplace them, nor unite them as mere denominations in one Agent, Being, or God.——*p.* 202.

The subjects of the remaining chapters are, *Regeneration*,...*A testament-covenant and law*,...*Christianity a new creation of God by Christ*,...*Justification and Salvation.* In these chapters there is nothing remarkably just, nor remarkably odd. The opinions of the author are uniformly anticalvinistick, and he seems unwilling that any one should write metaphysically on subjects of theology, but himself. He asserts positively the freedom of the will, and denies positively the doctrines of imputed righteousness, personal election, and necessary perseverance. Part of one chapter is devoted to the subject of universal restitution..... "The mediatorial kingdom of Christ will not cease, till it has drawn into its vortex all rationals of God's creation; as they all issued from the Father of spirits, and the fountain of sanctity, so they will all be brought home in him.——The present reign of Christ is for the subduing of every opposing power, Jews, Romans, Turks, *Kings*, and Infidels, *sin*, *death*, *and the devil.*" p. 168..... The concluding chapter on Justification contains many valuable remarks, and some continuous reasoning; as to the efficacy however of Christ's death little is said, and this little is so unsatisfactory, that we have been entirely unable to penetrate the sentiments of the writer.

The peroration, as it may be called, we here subjoin, because it contains more of truth, nature, intelligible sentiment, and intelligible language, than any other paragraph in the book.

The theoretick explanation of the Science of Sanctity is now finished. One practical observation may be subjoined that the gospel contains a perfect rule

of life and righteousness: grants no liberty to sin, and affords or offers to all sufficient assistance to enable them to comply with the terms therein proposed.

Among all the rejecters of the gospel doctrines, few have condemned its morality: but most have spoken highly of it, as containing the best directory or rule of life, for the regulation of temper, conversation, and conduct, towards God, man, and ourselves, that is any where to be found, in whatever station and relation of life we may be placed.

The royal law of God as written upon the hearts of men, published by Moses and explained by the Prophets, containing the love of God and of our neighbours; and the doing to others as we would that they should do unto us, contains a most excellent system of piety, righteousness, sobriety, and charity. As Christ saith he came to *fulfil the law*, so one sense in which he doth this is by extending and enlarging it. In his sermon on the mount, and in his other discourses, he adds some things to the law. Christianity contains new causes, degrees, measures, objects, and motives of duty to angels and men. In the gospel we have the clearest notices of righteousness and true holiness, the greatest and most precious promises to make us partakers of the divine nature, and to animate us to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of God. The grace of God which hath appeared to all men bringing salvation, teaches that denying, &c.

One thing more might be added, viz. that with the gospel proposal of salvation sufficient grace and assistance are offered to men to enable them to comply with the terms of it. The christian religion is adapted to the present state of man in the world, and considers him as what he is, and not what some have supposed him to be. It doth not require him to act from principles which he is not possessed of, in order to obtain what he wants. Men could not receive the grace of God in vain, if it was not given: nor reject the counsel of God against themselves by a non-compliance with the means of salvation, if there was no counsel of God that they should use them, and that with such use as they can make, they will by his grace prove effectual to the desired end. The helps the gospel affords or offers are various, consisting in God's preventing grace, in the drawings of the Father, in the free supernal influence of the spirit, in the power of prayer, in the unction of the holy one Christ Jesus, who is a magazine of grace, and of his fulness we may receive a supply of all our needs, in the prevalency of his intercession, in his divine example, in the gospel ministry, in the holy sacraments, in the communion of saints, and in the ministry of angels: all which serve to begin or carry on a good work in men, and by which God works in men, to will and to do of his good pleasure. Men cannot be neglecters of a salvation not offered them so as they might receive it.

Since the whole design of the religion of God is to restore men to holiness and happiness, it hath been our aim in this theory to promote this end. The better the theoretick part is understood by men, the more likely it will be to have a practical influence on their hearts and lives. Consistency is what the human mind delights in: the divine plan is perfect self consistency, and the clearer our view of it is, the more readily shall we acquiesce in it. Whether we have contributed any thing towards giving such a view of the ways of God to man, the reader is left to judge for himself. If any, by what hath been written, be engaged to acquire a habit of thinking upon subjects not much attended to, and the holy scriptures recover their due esteem and place, from which they have long been excluded by tradition and the undeserved veneration entertained for the supposed authority of fallible men: and the searches of the sincere be directed, their faith increased, and their lives bettered, the author will not think his labour lost:—For any good effected by this well meant, little encouraged, and much opposed publication, may the one God of grace, through the one Lord Jesus Christ, by the same Holy Spirit have all the praise.

p. 366.

Never did we read a work, of which we found it so difficult to give an account, as of this "theoretick explanation of the science

of sanctity." Twenty times have we sitten down to this review, and twenty times have we risen again, repulsed by the absolute barbarity of the style, and shocked by the absurdity of some of the sentiments. Still the occasional good sense and ingenuity, the uniform independence of mind, and honesty of intention, which discover themselves, together with the theological learning of the author, which, however indigested, is, we are confident, rare in New-England, seemed to solicit attention and respect, though they could not command unmingled approbation. We have pointed out no particular defects of style or of reasoning; for to write them all would require not only a pen of brass, but adamantine patience, the χαλκειον ητορ of Homer. Scattered throughout the work are several critical remarks, some of which are plausible. Texts of scripture are frequently placed in a new light, and many obstinate passages are either warped or straightened, till they are accommodated to the author's system. Upon the whole, though we have been often vexed and wearied in the perusal, we take our leave of Mr. Fessenden's book in perfect good humour. Much of what we have understood we have approved, and are therefore willing to believe, that what we have not understood is equally excellent. We have only to regret, that before this work was committed to the press, it had not been subjected to the rigorous criticism of some sensible friend, sufficiently indoctrinated in the author's system, who might have suggested many hints for its better arrangement, many alterations for its greater perspicuity; who might have purged it of "colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations," and out of the present indescribable medley of notions have presented the leading features of a system, which, while it would have attracted all by its novelty, would have been peculiarly interesting to the theologian, as the unassisted result of a retired clergyman's speculations. Then it might have been read through with an avidity, which, in its present form, the first page will destroy, and received with a degree of commendation, which we are confident few will now have the patience to qualify themselves to give.

ART. 57.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, at the request of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, in commemoration of American independence. By Warren Dutton. Boston. Newell.

THOUGH there is no country so fruitful in orations as our own, yet are our orators widely distant from perfection in this species of composition. Unnatural thoughts, extravagant metaphors, and violent exclamations, conveyed in a style inflated and incorrect, are the rhetorical flowers, with which these patriotick effusions are commonly decorated.

Mr. Dutton has carefully avoided these faults, and produced a composition of considerable merit. The sentiments are manly and just, and the style terse and correct. But though a performance of excellent sense, it bears little

resemblance to an oration, as the audience are in no instance directly addrest. The occasional interspersion of 'Fellow citizens,' like the '*Cives & Judices*' of Cicero, the 'Ανδρες Αθηναιοι' of Demosthenes, or the '*Mr. Speaker*' of modern senators, would have removed this defect, and given it a less equivocal title to what it claims to be. In its present form it must be considered as a sensible treatise, containing important political truths, to which all men of sense will readily assent. It possesses also a negative merit of no small magnitude, as it is entirely free from those silly invectives against monarchies, and those no less silly panegyricks on republicks, in which the unfledged productions of our oratorical striplings abound. We fought for the rights of Englishmen under a limited monarchy, from the enjoyment of which an infatuated ministry attempted to exclude us. We never fought for a republick, into which we were forced by the injudicious obstinacy of our opponents. Thus our form of government was the result of necessity, and not the offspring of choice.

For modes of government let fools contest,
That, which is best administered, is best.
POPE.

We shall transcribe the conclusion of the production, that the reader may form an opinion of the author's style and manner.

Such representations are not made in the spirit of despondency, which says that nothing can be done; nor in that of over-cautious prudence, which says that nothing ought to be done; but in the persuasion, that the evils, which threaten the existence of our excellent institutions, are altogether of the popular kind, that they ought to be understood, and can be resisted. Those who will still borrow confidence from their hopes, and believe nothing which requires exertion, must continue in their slumbers, till exertions are useless. They will perceive the mischief when it has happened, and excuse their indolence, by expressions of idle amazement. The timid and the wary, who fear to act, lest they should be acted upon, who hope to obtain favour for their neutrality will find that the evils of anarchy will fall indiscriminately, like the tornado which tears the oak of an hundred years from its foundations, and despoils the humblest flower of a day.

The present time demands all the talents the virtues and influence of men, who are engaged from principle and interest to support our truly Republican system of State Government. Popular errours should be exposed and misrepresentations corrected, with the same perseverance with which they are made, till truth becomes powerful, by being widely diffused.

Thoſe, who administer our government have nothing to fear from the truth for it is their friend; and as to the charge of non-conformity, the only one which has been brought against them, we consider it their highest praise, and are still impelled by all our hopes, and by all our fears, to confer honour where honour is due.

It is confidently trusted, that there is a redeeming spirit yet to arise from the sober sense and sound principles of New-England. The tyranny of democracy, though it wears a thousand disguises, will be laid bare to the eye before it is too late to resist; and call into action all the energies, which resisted it in another shape is the memorable year of seventy-five. Then it was seen in the gigantick form of undisguised power; now it approaches with smiles, in the light drapery of fancy, suiting its forms and hues, to the endless varieties of human passions.

As an important member of the Union, we ought never to forget, that we must preserve the best system of Government in the world, or submit to one of the worst. Those, who feel an interest in its preservation, united in sentiment, and acting in concert, should

cling even to the last falling pillar of the Constitution. But we trust that extremes may yet be prevented. Time will be our friend ; it will heal the breaches already made, and embody with facts, which all can feel and understand, the principles of a government, necessarily metaphysical. Enough of the work of WASHINGTON and ADAMS will remain to direct us in repairing the shattered structure, and enable us to leave it to those who may come after, established in beauty and order.

ART. 58.

A Discourse, delivered at the ordination of the Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster, to the pastoral charge of the church in Brattle-Street, Boston. By Joseph Buckminster, D.D. pastor of the N. church, Portsmouth. Boston. Young & Minns, 1805. *pp.* 37. *Text, Titus ii.* 15. LET NO MAN DESPISE THEE.

IN this discourse, the review of which has been accidentally delayed, the author enforces the exhortation of the apostle in the text by the following considerations : 1. That the christian ministry is of divine appointment.

It is an important branch of the glorious plan of grace, concerted in the councils of heaven, for counteracting the designs of Satan, and recovering sinners from the degradations of the apostacy to glory, honour, and immortality.

2. That the office possesses great dignity, and is important in its design, christian ministers being styled by

The Holy Ghost pastors and teachers—bishops, presbyters, and over-seers—rulers over God's household, &c.

3. That it is the principal instrument in the conversion of men.

I dare not say that men have not been brought to that knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ, which is life eternal, where a gospel ministry was either neglected or not enjoyed ; but, it is presumed, the instances are very rare, in which persons have obtained a rational and comfortable persuasion of their title to heaven and happiness, and have supported that persuasion by a life of uniform piety and righteousness, who have not found themselves greatly indebted to this gracious institution.——*p.* 12.

"But dignity of station," the author justly observes, "does not make the man ; nor will elevation of office, weight of responsibility, nor sacredness of character secure from contempt, where corresponding qualifications, and a congenial spirit and deportment are wanting." He proceeds therefore to point out several qualifications, which the christian minister ought to possess. "He should be a man of knowledge, pious and virtuous, and opposed to the two extremes of infidelity and fanaticism. In preparing for the publick duties of his office he should be diligent ; and attentive to his language and address both in praying and preaching. But he should not direct his principal attention to the science of words and the beauties of style, lest he leave his discourses empty of sentiment, and destitute of solid doctrinal, practical, and experimental instruction. He should not conform to human creeds his principles of religion, nor attempt to support them by the arts of philosophy, the abuse of reason, or the subtilties of metaphysicks. He should not studiously reject the language of scripture, nor fritter down its sublime and mysterious doctrines. As a ruler over

God's household, he should combine candour with courage, piety with prudence, and an impressive sense of the authority of God with compassion to men. In the walks of common life he should preserve his dignity. Like Moses he should descend with a commanding lustre upon him, and throw the light of his doctrines, and the force of his persuasion into his temper, spirit, and deportment. To pursuits foreign to his profession he should not devote a large share of his time and attention. Still less should scenes of amusement, the pleasures of the palate, or the parade of life, have power to divert him from the call of professional duty, or render him inattentive to the slightest whisper of distress from the chambers of sickness, or the abodes of sorrow. Whilst he is a zealot in nothing, except the honour of his Master and the salvation of sinners, he ought to be neither afraid nor ashamed to avow the opinion which he has formed. In fine, he should be guileless, charitable, faithful, firm, fervent, pure, holy, meek, and gentle."

The discourse is closed with the customary addresses. The first, to his son, is tender; the second, to the church, is respectful; and both are interesting. We are sorry that our limits do not permit us to select several passages which have gratified us on the perusal. Dr. B. appears from his performance a man of piety and sincerity. His manner is warm and affectionate; and he has studiously formed his style on that of the sacred scriptures, in his allusions to which he is sometimes remarkably happy.

To the Discourse is annexed the Charge, which contains the good advice usually given on such occasions, and expressed in the usual style.

The Right Hand of Fellowship, by Mr. Emerson, is a neat, comprehensive, and judicious performance. There is no part in an ordination, which, in our opinion, is so difficult of execution as this. The person, to whom it is assigned, must avoid trespassing on the province of the preacher; nor must he, as is too often done, deliver a second charge. It is not expected of him to explain doctrines and inculcate precepts; to point out the qualifications, which are necessary to a clergyman, and with authority to exhort him to fulfil the duties of his ministry; but simply to express his brotherly affection to the church and their newly elected pastor. He cannot give advice, except indirectly; and he cannot with delicacy bestow compliments, though they may be due, because the objects of them are present. With such a want of materials, he, who gives the fellowship of the churches, is frequently compelled to exhaust the portion of time allotted to him in a tedious, impertinent introduction, or a verbose and unmeaning conclusion. Mr. E., we think, has successfully extricated himself from these embarrassments, and his performance contains nothing which is superfluous or improper.

In addressing the brethren of the church, an opportunity is afforded him of briefly characterizing their deceased pastors.

With the transactions of the present hour you naturally associate the events of other years. You call to mind the history of your society, which has existed more than a century. With gratitude to Providence, you reflect upon its flourishing state under the care of a Coleman, venerable for his piety and learning; of a Cooper, eminently useful and beloved; of his son and successor, whose talents, literature, patriotism, and urbanity, rendered him not only the boast of the church, but an ornament to his country; and of the late eloquent and beneficent Thacher, whose charming accents still vibrate in our ears, and whose memory will never be erased from our hearts.—*p.* 35.

This is high praise; but it is below the truth.—The character of Dr. Coleman has often been described to us by an aged friend. He was a man as amiable for his candour and humility, as he was venerable for his piety and learning. Though he laboured incessantly to correct and polish his discourses, yet after all his pains he entertained a low opinion of them, and esteemed them far inferiour to those of many of his brethren. To young clergymen he was attentive and indulgent; and he took pleasure in displaying their abilities, and in bestowing on them the praise, to which they were entitled. His charming pulpit talents and the elegance of his manners rendered him the delight and the pride of his congregation. —His colleague was a character of a sublimer order. The sermons of Dr. Coleman were applauded by all who heard them; but no man ever thought of applauding the sermons of Mr. Cooper. For he had gained that height of perfection, which few preachers seem to have the inclination or the power of attaining, the happiness of keeping himself entirely out of sight. He did not for a moment divert the attention of his hearer to the graces of his manner, or the ornaments of his style, but fixed it deeply on his subject. A preacher of terrour, terrour was introduced by him, not for the sake of *pulpit* effect, but because he felt that it was his duty to alarm the conscience of the sinner. Hence it was, that after the performances of Dr. Coleman, the hearers retired from church with erect countenances and voluble tongues, with a smile of satisfaction for the entertainment which they had enjoyed, and with warm encomiums on the talents of their admired pastor. But when Mr. Cooper had preached, they withdrew, hanging their heads, serious, and silent.—His son, the classick, the refined, the all-accomplished Dr. Cooper, we have seen; and we do not expect to see his like again.—We also knew his worthy successor; nor can we forbear to lament his death, whilst we recollect the unblemished integrity, which accompanied him in every situation of life.—These four preachers were all distinguished by their eloquence. It does not often happen, that a church is favoured, during so long a period of time, with pastors of such eminent abilities. We regret that the plan of Mr. E. did not permit him to enter more fully into their characters, as he will probably never again be indulged with an opportunity of bestowing his encomiums with equal justice. For in a succession of ministers, governours, or any other description of persons, of whom it is ex-

pected that notice should be taken, four or five men of talents or virtue are commonly associated with one or two insignificant or worthless individuals. But if any are praised, all must be praised. For who would willingly give offence to surviving friends by censure, or even by silence ? and what heart is so bold, as to dare to call from the tomb frailties, which ought to be buried in oblivion ?

ART. 59.

An Oration, pronounced at Northampton, July 4, 1805, *the 29th anniversary of American independence, at the request of the committee of arrangement. By Isaac C. Bates.* Northampton, Pomroy. *pp.* 32.

An Oration, delivered on the 4th of July, 1805, *at the North meetinghouse in Salem, Mass. By Ichabod Nichols, ter.* Salem, J. Cushing. *pp.* 24.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, *at the request of the federal republicans of Charlestown, at the anniversary of American independence. By Aaron Hill Putnam.* Charlestown, Etheridge. *pp.* 18.

An Oration, pronounced July 4, 1805, *at the request of the Charlestown light infantry company, before the republican citizens of Charlestown. By Benjamin Gleason, A. M.* Boston.

An Oration, pronounced at Worcester on the anniversary of American independence, July 4, 1805. *By Daniel Waldo Lincoln, A. B.* Worcester. Ægis press.

THE dispute between Great Britain and her colonies, which was closed by the peace of 1783, may be justly considered as one of the most important events of the last century. A mob of French, English, Dutch, German, Italian, and American authors have attempted to trace its origin, to delineate its principles, and to detail the events of the war which succeeded ; yet we flatter ourselves, that we shall not be singular in the opinion, that few subjects have been less understood, or more grossly misrepresented. The French writers have been singularly unfortunate and extravagant in their compositions on the American revolution. In consequence of the treaty of alliance between France and the American States Frenchmen displayed an uncommon interest in our contest with England, and discovered no small degree of anxiety to be acquainted with its history. All who could write were eager to treat on a subject which excited so much interest, and each, in fear of being anticipated, published his production before it was possible to have acquired correct information from this country, or even to have collected that, which might otherwise have been procured in Europe. Many of their histories are therefore no better than romances, and a man may acquire as much correct information from Homer's Iliad, as from their productions on the American revolution. Call General Washington Achilles, and Lord Cornwallis Hector, and, as has been correctly observed, you would have little doubt, that you were reading the history of the Trojan war. The American revolution, thus badly

detailed as to its events by historians, and worse misrepresented as to its principles by many of the July orators, resembles no more the revolution, which our heroes and statesmen magnanimously achieved, than the mangled phantom*, which Æneas met in his descent to Avernus, resembled the faultless figure of Deiphobus, when rioting on the charms of his fair Helen.

....

The oration by Mr. Bates is unquestionably written by a man of respectable talents. He defends with much ingenuity, and with the zeal of an honest man, the federal constitution, and the measures of an administration, which, as has been acknowledged by one of its most insidious and inveterate enemies in an inaugural speech, has brought this country to the height of political experiment. The style of this performance, though often nervous and animated, is neither elegant nor correct; and we are inclined to believe, that the author, had he given himself more time, might have comprised in a much smaller compass what he has now extended to thirty pages. In the 6th page, "The ashes of the dead are *unraked* with deliberate coolness to glut the rage of envy," &c. We apprehend the author has mistaken the meaning of the word *unraked*. Johnson defines *unraked* "not thrown together and covered." The ashes of the dead are *raked open*, &c. would have conveyed the author's meaning in correct language. *Truer*, in the 14th page, is an expression, which the philosophy of language does not admit. In universal grammar *true* is one of those adjectives which exclude comparison. Notwithstanding the errours of this oration, we are not insensible to its many beauties, and cannot but regret, that the limits of this publication prevent our making many extracts. Alluding to the want of energy in the present administration in regard to our countrymen in Tripoli, "whitening and fading in the solitary cells of darkness and disease," our author exclaims:

> There was a time, my countrymen, when the voice of Greece rocked the battlements of Troy, and shook the throne of Priam, to redeem an individual. But that was an age of magnanimity; *heroes* ruled, and *cowards* played with children.

Speaking of the pusillanimous conduct of the administration as it respects foreign nations, Mr. Bates observes,

> With a fawning submission, we crawl to the footstool of nations, and *intreat* as a *favour* what we might have *demanded* as a *right*. In France, we curse and slander the enemies of the Great Republick; we applaud and caress the tyrant; we outstrip the obsequious multitudes that surround him, and receive a *snuff box* for our adoration. When tutored for our conduct, by the rod of England, we beg her pardon, and promise to reform.

In his peroration our orator enforces, with much warmth and

---

* *Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto*
Deiphobum vidit, lacerum crudeliter ora,
Ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
Auribus, & truncas inhonesto vulnere nares.
Vix adeo adgnovit pavitantem, et dira legentem
Supplicia—— ÆN. VI. 494.

earnestness, serious truths, which Americans would do well to consider and lay to heart.

Though the course we ought to follow be clear as the sun, we have no reason to expect that prejudice will yield, or that truth will triumph.

There is a strange fatality attending man. Should an *Angel from Heaven* preach to a congregation on the great principles of morality and a judgment to come, each individual would believe himself excepted. Though we have the testimony of all history without a single exception or contradiction, and the evidence of our own experience, that anarchy alone is the door which can open tyranny to our view, yet we *will not* believe it. But the judgment will come; and if we refuse to listen to the warning voice that whispers from the ruins of our predecessors, the period is on the wing, rapid as the flight of time and certain as the shaft of fate, when it will be forever too late; when our liberty will be gone and with it all that can cheer, can animate, or console. Some future traveller may sit, like the son of Hilkiah on the ruins, and apostrophise the desolation that surrounds him. Here once was the seat of a great empire. Under the smiles of Heaven and of freedom, she was virtuous and happy. But parties arose, freedom fled, and now she is left desolate. "How doth the city mourn that was full of people. All her friends have dealt treacherously with her." The sound of the lute is no more heard in her cottage; innocence no more sports upon her mountains; but the streams murmur to the silence of the forest; and the blasts of the evening sigh through the wide and melancholy waste.

....

The oration by Mr. Nichols we understand was hasty. Some of his positions seem therefore to have been carelessly examined. His reasonings are of consequence not always conclusive, and though on the whole the performance may be pronounced tolerably judicious and spirited, it will probably share the fate of the ephemeral productions of the season.

....

The oration by Mr. Putnam displays judgment and ingenuity. Allusions to English history have by this time become trite, but his are so just and apposite, they please without being new.

....

The oration by Mr. Gleason, to borrow the beauties of its author, "is a standing monument of impoverished ostentation and pre-eminent insignificance." Residing in the neighbourhood of a geographer, our orator appears to have taken the *geographical disease* the natural way, for it breaks out in the forehead of this performance with the names of more countries than are contained in the American Gazetteer. We enumerated twenty on the face of a single page, but the complaint growing confluent as we advanced, a further lustration was postponed for future leisure. In fact, the performance is altogether so singular in its structure, that one is puzzled how to take hold of it. "It is not o'the earth, and yet is on't." Our society wished it to slip through their fingers for a bad job, but it is so exquisite a recipe for the vapours, that it would be siding with the faculty not "to give you a taste of its quality."

See!—your brave countrymen throwing up entrenchments, on *Bunker's Hill!* The enemy advancing, with the progress of the Sun,—*all is lost!*—No!—livid Death rushes down their ranks dreadful and tremendous.—*They retreat!* our Countrymen victorious!—No! They rally!—They return!—Again all is confusion, shrieks and shouts:—again bravely repulsed:—*They retreat:*—Victory!—No!—wrought up to a de-

gree of desperation—great in numbers,—pomp and power, they furiously put forward !—O ! God—temper, with mercy, the preponderating scale of war !—Spare—Spare our brethren. WARREN falls !—*Relief—ammunition* fail! Convulsed, our countrymen make the last struggle !—*Charlestown in flames ! Howe* yet trembles in dubious contest. I see the interest felt universal, all round the hemisphere of vision.—The enemy have reared the standard of victory; but in exaltation, triumph the Americans !—Those take possession of the *Hill*;—but our WARREN, our *Countrymen* of immortal glory !—

" See !" (Mr. Gleason appears to see more than any man) " a gathering storm appears at Leechmore's point,—eight hundred troops have landed ! !" This interesting climax is not, we are sorry to say it, perfectly original.

" See red hot stones from burning
Ætna's top,
Roll down the hill amain, hop, hop,
hop, hop !"

....

Mr. Lincoln's. Though juvenile performances may claim indulgence, by withholding the rod we may injure the child. The severity of criticism is a vulgar complaint, for more capacities are ruined by the palliatives of praise, than by the asperities of censure. At least, in the present instance, whatever may be thought of the influence of either, no mischief can be apprehended from the application of the latter. The object of our strictures, if character is developed in composition, is too much elevated with his own consequence to be hurt by the reflections of another. Mr. Lincoln, mistaking acrimony for wit, and confounding finery with ornament, appears desperately busied after sublimity and point. But, as we are all liable to misconstrue inclination into capacity, the gentleman will acquit us of the charge of ill-nature, though we should consider him as peculiarly unfortunate in his declamatory endeavours. There are some trees more remarkable for their foliage than for their fruit, and we may be supposed, during the reading of this oration, to have been dozing in the shade, without a single excitement from the fall of an apple. Mr. L. after the rough *unseamment* of old wounds, by recounting revolutionary cruelties, and after raking together a promiscuous handful of last year's political sarcasms, very modestly supposes the business of celebration accomplished. Nothing further follows but a wearisome continuance of former declamation. The same wave, attended with the same froth and the same roar, is continually unbosoming itself. Though such stuff of the imagination might answer to decorate the pages of the Ægis, Mr. L. should recollect, that something more is expected from a gentleman and a scholar.

NOTICE

Of the American editions of the Classicks, from the press of William Poyntell & Co. Philadelphia.

THESE publications we announced in a recent number of the Anthology, and have since formed our opinion of their merit from an inspection of the editions of Virgil and Sallust.

The editors have chosen for their model the editions in usum

Delphini, and, with the exception of the indices at the close, these publications have all their merit and defects. The origin of the Dauphin Classicks is not perhaps generally known, we will therefore extract an account of them from the Huetiana, quoted in the Bibliog. Dict. They were completed for the Dauphin of France, under the direction of Huet, Bishop of Avranches. Forty scholars were employed, but, as they were necessarily of unequal talents and learning, the original design was imperfectly executed. The best edited works in the collection are Pliny by Hardouin; Cicero's orations by Merouille; Livy by Doujat; Virgil by La Roue, and Curtius by Le Tellier.

These editions we believe have been in popular use, and some of them have passed through a vast number of impressions; but always accompanied with the indices. These indeed are of so much value to every scholar, unless he possess the boundless memory of Scaliger and Wakefield, that we are disposed to think the omission of them a serious defect. We understand, however, that the editors have in contemplation to publish a separate volume containing the indices to all the classicks which they give forth. If this be true, and they can procure a scholar of sufficient erudition and sufficient patience to condense and unite them all, so as to give at one view the authorities for every word, our censure will be converted into praise, and we think the design will even receive the approbation of the learned in Europe.

Though we cannot forbear to wish that the text had been taken from some more recent and better collated editions,* our only very valid objection is to the retention of the marginal interpretations. Nothing has contributed more to the retardation of boys in the knowledge of the construction and idiotisms of the language than these injudicious auxiliaries. One proof is sufficient....the fact that a boy, who with their assistance can translate Virgil with considerable facility, will yet find embarrassment from the pure and natural phrases of Cæsar. This objection, however, applies with equal force to the English and French editions of the Dauphin Classicks; the American editions are therefore in this respect on an equality, & we think incomparably superiour to them in the beauty of the type, and the general neatness of the page. In correctness also, as far as we have examined, we think it claims a preference, particularly to the *late* London editions, some of which have been shamefully neglected.

* Of Virgil, for instance, by Hunter, the basis of whose edition is Heyne's; and which Heyne himself, the first Latin scholar in Europe, has pronounced to be the best *text edition* extant; of Horace by Gesner; of Sallust by Cortius, &c.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Anthology.

Gentlemen,

WITH the *politeness*, with which *some* of your number are accustomed to treat their correspondents, who happen to differ from them,

SALVIAN, in your last number (p. 22.) notices a mistake of mine in quoting, in my reply to the Reviewers, from a MS. sermon, which I supposed to have been written by *Professor* Wigglesworth, but which, it since appears, was written by another gentleman of the same name. The mistake arose from this circumstance : the sermon, which agreeably to the requisition of the Founder of the Dudleian Lecture, was copied by the Author ; and deposited in the Archives of the College, was inscribed, " Mr. Wigglesworth's sermon at the annual Dudleian Lecture," &c. It was naturally supposed, that the modesty of the Author might induce him thus to inscribe it without his christian name, or his titles. Not knowing that there was any other clergyman of his name living at that time, and having understood that Professor Wigglesworth preached the Dudleian Lecture about this period, it was naturally concluded that this was his sermon, and it was quoted accordingly. The amiable and venerable clergyman of Newburyport, who detected the errour (having been a member of College at the time, and present at the Lecture) in a conversation, I recently had with him on the subject, candidly imputed the errour to its true cause, and considered it a very natural and innocent mistake. Had *Salvian*, possessed a small portion of the candour of the worthy gentleman from whom he received information of the mistake, his note would have exhibited a very different temper and complexion. After the foregoing statement of facts he is at liberty to make the most of what he is pleased to call an " egregious blunder." But, as the extracts alluded to, were made only in defence of a point, which the Reviewers themselves consider to be not essential to the main argument, it is presumed the same gentleman will not imagine the argument affected by the mistake, nor allow it more than " the weight of a straw in balancing the merits of the main question," viz. Are the Electors bound by the Statutes of the Founder, to choose a Professor, *sound* and *orthodox*, in Mr. Hollis's sense of these terms ?

In consequence of the repeated reference to Dr. Wigglesworth's MS. annexed by his son to his printed Lectures on the doctrine of Reprobation, I have sought, obtained, and read it ; and I will add, with uncommon satisfaction. I find in it nothing contradictory to the sentiments expressed in the Extracts above referred to ; nothing that in any degree indicates a departure from those *sound and orthodox principles* required by Mr. Hollis in his Professor. It is a candid, able, and lucid illustration and defence of that *middle ground*, which lies between Arminians and Supralapsarian Calvinists. The venerable Professor, with uncommon strength of reasoning, and exemplary candour, maintains mild, rational, and scriptural views of the much controverted doctrine of which he treats ; such I conceive, as would meet the cordial approbation of the great body of evangelical christians at the present day. And, as you have brought this MS. into view, in a manner calculated to excite a strong desire in many of your readers to peruse it, and especially, as the author himself, at the

close of his life, " at several times expressed his desire, that it might be made publick,"* I hope, gentlemen, you will recommend its speedy publication, in which you shall assuredly receive the prompt and cordial aid of Your humble servant, J. MORSE.

July 23. 1805.

* See MS. Remarks of the late Dr. Wigglesworth, prefixed to the MS. of his Father.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES, FOR AUGUST, 1805.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

NEW WORKS.

An abridgement of the hiſtory of New-England, for the uſe of young perſons. By Hannah Adams. Printed for the author, and for ſale by B. & J. Homans, and John Weſt.

The Berean, or an appeal to the ſcriptures on queſtions of utmoſt importance to the human race. Boſton, Munroe & Francis. 12mo. pp. 228.

A ſermon delivered at the funeral of the Rev. Timothy Fuller, of Merrimack, formerly paſtor of Princeton, Maſſ. July 4, 1805. By Humphrey Moore, paſtor of the church in Milford. Amherſt, Joſeph Cuſhing.

A diſcourſe on the deceaſe of Mrs. Martha Ruſſell, who died at Burlington, January 23, interred on the 26, 1805, after a mental derangement during the ſeven preceding years, aged 50, the conſort of David Ruſſell, Eſq. By Daniel C. Sanders, A. M. Preſident of the Univerſity of Vermont, in Burlington. Bennington, Haſwell & Smead 8vo. pp. 24.

A ſermon, delivered at Walpole, N. H. March 10, 1805, being the Lord's day next following the ordination of the author. By Pliny Dickenſon, A. M. junior paſtor of the church and ſociety in ſaid town. Walpole, Thomas & Thomas. Price 12½ cents.

An oration, pronounced before the inhabitants of Portland, on the 4th of July, 1805, in commemoration of American independence. By James D. Hopkins. Portland. pp. 25.

An oration, pronounced before the republican citizens of Portland, on the 4th of July, 1805, being the anniverſary of American independence. By the Rev. Joſhua Taylor. Portland, Nath. Willis, jun. 8vo. pp. 12.

An oration, pronounced at the requeſt of the republican citizens of Falmouth, on the anniverſary of American independence, July 4, 1805. By Rev. Joab Young. Portland, Willis, jun. 8vo.

" The union of all honeſt men." An oration, delivered at Rowley, Weſt pariſh, July 4th, 1805. By Iſaac Braman, A. M. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple, pp. 20.

The firſt number of the Literary Miſcellany, ſecond volume. Cambridge, Hilliard.

The Monthly Regiſter and Review of the United States, No. 2, being for the month of February, 1805. Charleſton, S. C. Courier Office.

The Maſſachuſetts Baptiſt Miſſionary Magazine, No. 2 of 3d Volume, for July, 1805. Boſton, E. Lincoln. pp. 40.

NEW EDITIONS.

Volume 4th of a new and complete Encyclopædia, or univerſal dictionary of arts and ſciences, on an improved plan, in which all the reſpective ſciences are arranged into complete ſyſtems, and the arts digeſted into diſtinct treatiſes; alſo the detached parts of knowledge alphabetically arranged and copiouſly explained according to the beſt authorities. New York, John Lowe. Quarto. Price 5,50 per vol.

IN THE PRESS.

A ſmall volume of Poems by John Marriot, of the ſociety of Friends, including a ſhort account of the author, and extracts from ſome of his letters. This work will be copied from an edition lately publiſhed in England, and

will be neatly printed on writing paper. New Bedford, Abraham Shearman, jun.

BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Reports of Caſes argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errours of the State of Connecticut. Part 1. Containing twenty three Caſes, decided at the term of ſaid court at New Haven, June 1805. By Thomas Day, counſellor at law. To be publiſhed in the ſame manner, as to type and paper, with the London edition of Eaſt's Reports, and afforded to ſubſcribers at the rate of one cent per page.

INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter from Charleſton, S. C. June 8, 1805:—"I ſuppoſe that ere this you have heard the progeſs, which we have made in founding a Univerſity in our ſtate, at Columbia. We have placed Mr. Maxy at the head of it as Preſident, and have a ſufficient number of ſtudents to induce us to hope that it will do well. By Capt. M'Neil, from England, we expected to have received a very large aſſortment of books and a very valuable philoſophical apparatus, but, juſt as he was off our bar, and about to enter, he was captured by a French privateer and I ſuppoſe will be taken to ſome of the Weſt India iſlands, where no doubt he will be ſold as lawful prize. He left England it ſeems, without certain documents, and it is very likely that he will be ſold and all our books, &c. with her. This is truly a great misfortune."

It affords us much pleaſure to announce the complete ſucceſs which has attended the eſtabliſhment of a Botanick Garden, under the auſpices of the Medical Society of South Carolina. The lot is incloſed and many valuable exotick plants have already been preſented. A publick meeting was held in Auguſt, for the organization of the inſtitution, and a committee choſen to ſerve till October, 1806, who call upon the publick to further the views of the eſtabliſhment. "No company (ſay they) ever met with more general patronage, nor was ever a propoſal more liberally ſubſcribed to, than that of the Botanick Garden. But the objects of attention are ſtill wanted: We have to make a collection of Plants, and requeſt that every one who feels a wiſh for the ſucceſs of our undertaking, will contribute ſomethig thereto. Thoſe Plants are chiefly ſolicited, or the ſeeds of ſuch Plants, as are remarkable either for their novelty, or beauty, for their medicinal properties, or utility in the arts. We requeſt likewiſe as much information reſpecting each as can be given, and not only with regard to the above peculiarities, but alſo as to the nature of the ſoil in which they grow, whether it be ſandy, of a rich mould, clayey, or low and watery. Likewiſe, that the roots may be incloſed in as much of the native ſoil as poſſible, and the whole of the Plant enveloped in moſs; that the name, or names, if known, ſhould be mentioned, and the part pointed out, whether the flower or fruit, the leaf, ſtem, bark, or root that had been remarkable for any peculiar property. As many Plants are now in flower, and the ſeaſon therefore unfavourable for tranſplanting them, we requeſt that ſuch may be ſet apart until the winter; but that ſome ſpecimens be now taken up with the flower perfect, and dried between ſheets of paper, that their deſcription may be more eaſily eſcertained."

The Windham Herald contains an account of the progreſs of the manufacture of ſilk in the town of Mansfield, Connecticut, by which it appears, that in the laſt year, 1804, there was produced in that town, "between twelve and thirteen hundred pounds weight of well dried raw ſilk, every pound of which when made into ſewing ſilk was worth ſeven dollars, and found a ready market." This ſilk is ſtated to be far ſuperiour to that imported, in ſtrength and durability. It is principally attended to by women and children, and therefore interferes very little with the agriculture or other purſuits. Would not the manufacture of this article be worth attention in other places than Mansfield?—*N. Y. pap.*

Mr. Hugh Maxwell, printer, of Philadelphia, has at preſent in his preſs,

Lord Strangford's Tranſlation of the Minor Poems of Camoens. Theſe beautiful poems have already had a third edition in London, and their popularity ſtill increaſes. The Britiſh criticks ſpeak highly, but not extravagantly, in their praiſe, and with ſome confidence aſſert them to be the *original* productions of the noble tranſlator himſelf. It would appear ſtrange that a poet ſhould thus needleſsly deprive himſelf of the valuable reputation which the production of ſuch poems muſt procure to him, if we did not know the modeſty of true genius. There ſeems to be no good reaſon to doubt the aſſertion of the Reviewers, one of whom has, perhaps truly, ſaid, that Camoens could not have written them. This is, indeed, high applauſe—but no one who may read them, will deny it to be juſt. They poſſeſs all the delicacy and the grace of Little's poetry, without its voluptuouſneſs ; they have the harmony of Pope, the ſweetneſs of Goldſmith, and the penſive pathos of Collins, with the playful ſprightlineſs of *Little*, and after repeated peruſals, it may yet be doubtful whether *Moore* or Strangford be the better poet.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Perkins's Stereotype Bills.—It is a remark, which juſtice to the merit of Mr. Perkins and general intereſt require ſhould be made publick, that ſince the banks in this part of the country have, moſt of them, adopted his Stereotype printed Bills, thoſe hordes of counterfeiters, who formerly perplexed us, have either relinquiſhed their iniquitous trade, or fled to the ſouthward, where bills are ſtill made on the old plan, and, of courſe, liable to be counterfeited, as in fact we find they are. We have attentively examined the proceſs of making ſtereotype plates for bank bills, and are confident that Mr. Perkins, having delivered up his plates to the charge of ſome bank, could not himſelf counterfeit his own work. The uncertain degree of expanſion and contraction which takes place in preparing the ſteel, uſed in making his plates, deſtroys the poſſibility of imitation, by any ſyſtem ; and in his laſt improvement he has combined with his own talents, as a dye-ſinker, the beſt execution he could command in etching and engraving. The diſcovery is invaluable, and promiſes to command univerſal attention, from the ſtrongeſt of all motives to patronage—*the intereſt of thoſe concerned.—Reper.*

The Firſt volume of American Annals, printing at Cambridge, by Mr. Hilliard, it is expected, will be ready for ſubſcribers early in October.

Mr. Belſham has at length completed his Hiſtory of England, from the Revolution to the Peace of Amiens, in 12 uniform volumes octavo. In connection with the hiſtory of Mr. Hume, it forms an authentick ſeries of Engliſh hiſtory, from the earlieſt records to the preſent time. Six of the volumes have juſt been reprinted, with ſuch conſiderable corrections founded on new information, as to conſtitute almoſt a new work, and the eleventh and twelfth volumes appeared but a few weeks ago.

Mr. Cooke, well known as the friend of the late Samuel Foote, of facetious memory, has written a life of that celebrated character ; to which he has annexed anecdotes of many of Foote's contemporaries, and a collection of his beſt *bonmots*, chiefly original.

Sir William Forbes will ſpeedily publiſh an account of the life of Dr. Beattie.

The editors of Dr. Doddridge's works, the Rev. Dr. Williams, of Rotherham, and the Rev. Edward Parſons, of Leeds, have announced their intention of publiſhing periodically, by ſubſcription, an uniform edition of the whole works of the late Preſident Edwards, of New-England, executed in the ſame elegant ſtyle as their edition of Doddridge.

At the firſt annual meeting of the Britiſh and Foreign Bible Society, held on Wedneſday, the 1ſt of May, at the New London Tavern, Cheapſide, the Right Hon. Lord Teignmouth, preſident, read from the chair a report of proceedings. It appears from this report, and the extracts of correſpondence which were afterwards read by one of the ſecretaries, that the Society had made in the courſe of this, their firſt year, a very conſiderable progreſs ; a ſociety upon a ſimilar principle has, under their auſpices, been eſtabliſhed in the free Imperial city of Nurenberg, and a great degree of zeal has been excited in many other parts of the continent, both among Proteſtants and

Catholicks, for procuring and diſtributing the Holy Scriptures. It alſo appeared that in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, the views of the Society had been cordially embraced, and that, in the two latter, collections had been made which already amount to more than two thouſand pounds. The report and reviſed plan of the Society were unanimouſly adopted, and, on the motion of the Lord Biſhop of Durham, ſeconded by Mr. Wilberforce, the warmeſt thanks of the meeting were voted to the Right Hon. the Preſident, for his Lordſhip's faithful, zealous, and perſevering, attention to the intereſts of the Society, during the whole period of his connection with it. Thanks were alſo ſeverally voted to the Right Rev. and the other Vice-Preſidents; to the Treaſurers and Secretaries for their gratuitous ſervices; to Granville Sharp, Eſq. for a valuable donation of Verſions of the Scriptures in various modern languages; to the Preſbytery and Synod of Glaſgow for their reſpective reſolutions to promote collections for the Society; and to the ſeveral congregations throughout the United Kingdoms, from which collections have been received. The report is, we underſtand, in the preſs, and to that we muſt refer the publick for a more particular account of the deſign and ſucceſs of this inſtitution.

The Literary Club has began a ſubſcription for erecting a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the memory of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, the founder of that Society.

A new edition of the works of that celebrated American patriot, Dr Franklin, conſiſting of his Life, by himſelf, together with his philoſophical and other papers, will ſhortly be publiſhed, in periodical numbers, forming, when complete, two handſome volumes octavo.—*Lon. Mon. Mag. for July.*

M. Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, is employed in the following works. 1. A Phyſical Deſcription of the Equinoctial Regions. 2. A Flora of the ſame. 3. The Aſtronomical Obſervations and Meaſurements made during his Travels between the Tropicks: and 4. in conjunction with Gay Luſac, ſome Treatiſes on Eudiometry and the Atmoſphere. He intends to make a tour in Italy, and another to the moſt northern point of Norway.

ACCOUNT
OF
THE REV. DR. PALEY.

DIED, at Biſhop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, on Saturday the 25th of May, 1805, after a violent illneſs of three weeks, the Rev. Dr. PALEY, ſubdean of Lincoln and rector of Biſhop Wearmouth. This diſtinguiſhed literary character was born at Peterborough in 1743. His father who held a ſmall living near that place ſoon afterwards removed to Giggleſwick in Yorkſhire, where he was appointed to be maſter of a grammar ſchool, and continued to act in that capacity until his death, which happened in the year 1799. Dr. Paley was educated under his father's care, until he became a ſtudent of Chriſt College, Cambridge, in 1759. The firſt opportunities he enjoyed in the univerſity of diſplaying his talents, brought him into conſiderable notice. About the middle of their third years, the ſenior ſophs (as they are called) diſpute in the publick ſchools on queſtions of natural and moral philoſophy. In theſe exerciſes Dr. Paley was diſtinguiſhed for his extraordinary quickneſs and ſagacity, and whenever he was expected to diſpute, the ſchools were crowded with his admirers. In the earneſtneſs and intenſity of thought he was ſometimes led to diſpoſe himſelf into unuſual attitudes; and a drawing by Bunbury, who was a contemporary, is ſtill remembered at Cambridge, in which one of theſe is happily deſcribed, and in which Dr. Watſon, the preſent biſhop of Llandaff, who then preſided in the ſchools, forms another very prominent figure. In 1763 he took the degree of batchelor of arts, and in the previous examination had the

honour of appearing the firſt man of his year. His ſtudies being now completed, and no other engagement offering, he went to be an aſſiſtant in the ſchool at Greenwich. In that ſituation he remained nearly three years, and then, upon being elected fellow of Chriſt College, returned to a reſidence in the univerſity. His election into a fellowſhip of the college, was very ſoon followed by an appointment to be one of the tutors of it. Though the duties and uſefulneſs of the tutor of a college are in the preſent ſtate of the univerſity almoſt imaginary, and the progreſs of the young ſtudent depends upon his own induſtry or on private aſſiſtance, this appointment was of very conſiderable importance even in its literary conſequences. Dr. Paley did not content himſelf with repeating over every year the traditional learning of the college, but endeavoured to convert the opportunities that were afforded to him into means of extending his reputation. His lectures on moral and political philoſophy and on the Greek Teſtament contained the outlines of the works by which he has ſo much benefited the world, and his old pupils preſerve in their note books ſome of the arguments and illuſtrations which have rendered them ſo celebrated and ſo uſeful. The works may therefore be ſaid to have been occaſioned by the ſituation which impoſed upon him the duty of delivering the lectures; and though it would be abſurd to conclude that they might not have been produced under very different circumſtances, yet there can be no impropriety in attributing ſuperiour efficacy to a cauſe of which the operation may be ſo diſtinctly traced. He had the happineſs of acting with a brother tutor who was one of the ableſt and moſt intimate of his friends, Dr. John Law, the preſent biſhop of Elphin, ſon of Dr. Edmund Law, the late biſhop of Carliſle. The talents and exertions of two ſuch men of courſe rendered the college extremely popular; but the flouriſhing ſtate to which the ſociety attained while they were tutors, unequalled, perhaps, in the hiſtory of the univerſity, was not entirely owing to the reputation they conferred upon it. Dr. Shepherd, the late Plumian profeſſor, ſhared with them the profits of the tuition, which he very eſſentially contributed to enlarge; for, though without literature and without literary talents, by extenſive connexions among the great, by his plauſibility and activity, he made known the merits of his colleagues, and brought about them a crowd of pupils which they themſelves could perhaps never have aſſembled. It is by intrigues without a college, and not by talents within, that it is filled. Who is the publick tutor is not in fact a very important conſideration, and it has in general leſs weight even than it deſerves. During his reſidence at Cambridge, Dr. Paley was intimately acquainted with almoſt every man who was at that time celebrated in the univerſity. The friendſhip that ſubſiſted between him and Dr. John Law has already been mentioned. Through him he became known to Dr. Edmund Law, who was maſter of Peterhouſe, and continued to reſide almoſt wholly at Cambridge, after he was created biſhop of Carliſle in 1769. This connexion had a moſt important influence on Dr. Paley's life, for he owed to it an eſtabliſhment in the church which induced him to abandon all the advantages of his academical ſituation, and directly led to thoſe great preferments he enjoyed in the latter years of his life. Dr. Waring, the celebrated mathematician, and Dr. John Jebb, well known both by his talents and his violence in religious and political controverſy, were amongſt his moſt particular friends. The Biſhop of Carliſle was always conſidered as very deficient in orthodoxy, and Dr. Jebb was the moſt notorious innovator, both in creeds and government, that diſturbed the age in which he acted. The ſtrict union and confidence in which Dr. Paley lived with them, rendered his opinions ſuſpected, and prepared many to diſcover dangerous tendencies in his moral and political ſpeculations when he had acquired reputation as a writer. Becauſe he was a liberal thinker, they pronounced him a latitudinarian; forgetting or not being able to ſee, that a philoſopher, who undertakes to inſtruct mankind, would be indelibly diſgraced by ſanctioning prejudices with his approbation, however uſeful they may be deemed, and however profeſſional it may have been to ſupport them. After

his return to the univerſity he continued to live in it about ten years. During this time he was rather a hard worker, than a hard ſtudent. To his engagements as a publick tutor, he added others ſtill more numerous, as a private one, and by theſe united labours was in the receipt of a very conſiderable income. This is perhaps the only uſeful way of ſpending the univerſity life. What is called its leiſure, is the abſence of all exertion. He who does not work for money, works for nothing elſe; for the mere love of reputation is quickly obliged to yield to the drowſy examples by which he is ſurrounded. Nothing more than the general outlines of his great performances was produced whilſt he reſided as Cambridge, nor had he then conceived the deſign of publiſhing at all; but what ſplendid or uſeful undertakings have been accompliſhed by men oppreſſed under the diſadvantages of ſuch a ſituation? He did not, as moſt frequently has been the caſe, loſe the power of accompliſhing them.

At no time of his life was Dr. Paley a hard ſtudent according to the common acceptation of the word, which is uſed rather to deſcribe one who reads, than one who thinks much. His works do not diſplay any very profound or extenſive acquaintance with books; they are valued not for diſcuſſing and deciding upon the opinions of learned men, but for original and enlightened reflections on the tranſactions of human life. ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to have paſſed before him, or to have come to his knowledge without any laborious inquiry. A maſter of Greek canons, and an admirer of accents would probably have looked with contempt on the literary acquiſitions of a man, whoſe genius enabled him to comprehend the moſt important truths, and to teach them with a force and perſpicuity which will be ſought for in vain in the writings of ancient or modern philoſophers. In 1770 Dr. Paley left college and married. He had at firſt a ſmall benefice in Cumberland then the living of Appleby in Weſtmoreland, worth about 300l. a-year; and in a ſhort time he was promoted to a prebendal ſtall in the cathedral of Carliſle, together with the living of Dalſton, a pleaſant village ſituated in the neighbourhood of that city, and between it and Roſe-Caſtle, the ſeat of the Biſhop. In 1782 on the reſignation of Dr. John Law who was created an Iriſh Biſhop, he was made arch-deacon of the dioceſe, and not long afterwards ſucceeded Dr. Burn, the author of the "Juſtice of the Peace," &c. in the chancellorſhip. All theſe preferments were beſtowed on him either by the biſhop or Carliſle or by the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church in which Dr. John Law, who was a prebend had the leading influence. Men of genius have not often experienced ſuch bountiful patronage from the friends whom their talents have procured them. It was while his reſidence was divided between Carliſle and Dalſton, that Dr. Paley undertook to write his firſt and moſt celebrated work, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philoſophy." It would however perhaps never have been produced by a juſt confidence in his own talents, if that had not been aided by the inſtigations of Dr. John Law; who having, while they were connected together at college, enjoyed frequent opportunities of looking into his lectures, had read them with the admiration they deſerved, and had early conceived an idea that they might be expanded into a moſt uſeful treatiſe by the great abilities of the author. This he had often ſuggeſted and often urged him to carry it into execution; but Dr. Paley always objected the little attention that was paid by the publick to the moſt eminent writers on thoſe ſubjects, and after his marriage thought it his duty not to print a book that would not be bought. A living therefore becoming vacant, Dr. Law gave it to him on receiving a promiſe that he would conſider it as a compenſation for the hazard of printing, and immediately ſet about preparing his work for the preſs. The living was doubtleſs intended to be freely given to him, but his friend might juſtly think it no injurious departure from that intention, to attach a condition to the gift which was ſo likely to increaſe its value. In 1785, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philoſophy," appeared. The publick did not heſitate long about the reception of it. It was read with univerſal admiration, and editions were multiplied with a rapidity

entirely unexpected by Dr. Paley. It is dedicated to the Biſhop of Carliſle, in an addreſs which may be ſafely preferred to any complimentary compoſition in the Engliſh language. The venerable age of that diſtinguiſhed prelate, his great ſervices to mankind performed in a life devoted to the inveſtigation of moral and religious truth, and the ſignal and numerous obligations conferred by him upon the author, gave a peculiar propriety to the dedication, and furniſhed ſuch a variety, as cannot often be found, of noble and intereſting topicks. It is unneceſſary to add how they are treated: the addreſs exhibits one of the greateſt literary opportunities the moſt happily employed. It is upon this work that the reputation of Dr. Paley is principally founded, though he has exerted the whole force of his mind in many others; and its merit is ſufficient to eſtabliſh the moſt illuſtrious name. It diſplays a ſagacity, a comprehenſion and powers of communication and inſtruction which were never before ſo happily united. That indeed which diſtinguiſhes Dr. Paley from all other writers, in the art he poſſeſſed of familiarizing knowledge. He has the ſolidity of a philoſopher, without his ſolemnity and reſerve; he has diſencumbered truth of its ſcholaſtick trappings, and accommodated it to the commoneſt underſtandings. So great is his excellence in this reſpect, that it has perhaps operated againſt his reputation. Becauſe he is intelligible, he is thought to be not profound: for the ſcholar is often leaſt apt to reverence the knowledge of his maſter, when he moſt readily apprehends his inſtructions. The political ſpeculations, if not the moſt valuable part of his work, are certainly that part in which his talents are moſt eminently diſplayed. His Obſervations on the Laws and Conſtitution of this Kingdom ſhew that he had imbibed very largely the ſpirit of our juriſprudence, and are founded upon enlarged views, ſuch as are rarely taken by thoſe who, in the courſe of their profeſſional ſtudies, make greater legal acquiſitions.

(To be continued)

Statement of Diseases in Boston, for August.

Dyſentery and cholera infantum have been the prevailing diſeaſes this month; the former however leſs ſo, during the latter part of it. The hooping cough more general, than in the preceding month. Cholera morbus of adults has alſo been no uncommon diſeaſe for the laſt two or three weeks, but has generally been the conſequence of errour in diet, or imprudent expoſure to the dampneſs and chill of a night air, after the extreme heat of the day. Fevers of a typhoid character have been leſs frequent, than in the former part of the ſummer. Cutaneous affections of children, and other conſequences of atony and indigeſtion, have appeared, as the natural conſequences of alternate heat and cold, peculiar to the ſeaſon.

The cow pox has been an object of greater attention this month than uſual, in conſequence of an inſtance of variola; but is again ſinking into its former neglect.

Deaths in Boston, from July 26 to August 22, as reported to the Board of Health.

	M.	F.	CH.
Accident, 70,	1		
Bilious colic, 36,	1		
Cholera, 26, 52, 22, 2,		3	2
Cholera infantum, 9m. 11m. 5m.			3
Conſumption, 36, 50, 18, 35, 30, 66,	4	2	
Diarrhœ, 2,		1	
Drowned, 16, 8, 7,	3		
Dyſentery and fever, 17,	1		
Hooping cough, 4,			1
Infan. compla. 7m. 3w. 3m. 18m.			7
Lung fever, 63,		1	
Maraſmus, 8, 1, 2, 2, 1, 8m.			6
Nervous fever, 27,	1		
Pluriſy and Stranguary, 56,	1		
Rickets and fever, 3,		1	
Spiny bifida, 3w.			1
Spaſmod. aſthma, 3m.			1
Stranguary, 57,		1	
Typhus fever, 23, 40,	2		
Diſeaſes not returned, 46, 3, 20, 79, 10, 46, 38, 21, 48, 19, 5, 8m 16m	4	8	4
	18	17	25

5 perſons from the alms-houſe. Total 65

NOTES.

THE "notice" of the remarks of one of our correſpondents, which appeared in the laſt number of the Literary Miſcellany, we confeſs we have not read with indifference. The obſervations which we admitted, though not perhaps very lenient, appeared to us dignified and temperate. They ſeemed to be the language of a friend, or they would never have been admitted; though indeed of a friend, who could ſee defects as well as excellence; who though willing to be pleaſed, was unable to commend without limitation or exception. With the Literary Miſcellany we ſurely could have no wiſh to contend; for moſt of us have felt more than a ſtranger's partiality for it, and none of us think of the ſociety, under whoſe auſpices it was commenced, without reſpect. The idea of competition we have never for a moment entertained; and though we have whatever right to publick favour priority of birth can beſtow, yet we have never felt any Turkiſh jealouſy of this "brother near the throne." We have always thought, that within the ample domains of literature, there was enough to find us both employment without interference; that while we were engaged in the humble employment of collecting the ſcattered and neglected flowers of its fields, we might reſign to them the more dignified taſk of cultivating the oaks of ſcience, and enriching the ſoil around their roots. Having ſuch feelings, it was with a warmer ſenſation than ſurprize, that we ſaw the pages of the Miſcellany diſgraced with a publication containing ſo much illiberal cenſure and unmanly ſarcaſm. Illiberal, we ſay, becauſe there was no attempt to refute the writer of the obſervations, and unmanly becauſe it contained ſo much *groſs* and *contemptible perſonality*. If it had been merely an attack on the ſentiments of the author, though it had been ever ſo ſevere, we ſhould have been the laſt to complain; for it is one of our principles that ſatire if juſt muſt be beneficial, if unfounded muſt be impotent. If a writer then advances any thing diſputable—let him be refuted; if any thing weak, or unjuſt—let *his writings* be condemned and chaſtiſed; but there is ſomething in perſonal alluſions, which argues weakneſs in the cauſe, or rancour in its defender; ſomething of littleneſs, which a man of ſpirit would deſpiſe; and ſomething of diſingenuity, which would not be reſorted to by a man of honour and generoſity.

Theſe obſervations flow from our regard to the writer, who honoured the Anthology with his eſſay; one whom though we have not the happineſs of numbering among our ſociety, yet from the knowledge, which ſome of us have of him, we are ſure is infinitely removed beyond the reach of ſuch weapons; and who will feel only one emotion, when he reads the "notice of his obſervations."

The Literary Wanderer is neceſſarily omitted.

In the next Anthology, our ſociety will commence a ſeries of original Eſſays.

We ſhall alſo preſent our readers with a continuation of the very delightful letters on the paintings of the Louvre, with a continuation of the review of the Hiſtorical Collections, with reviews of Story's Pleadings, of Morſe and Pariſh's, and Adams' Hiſtories of New-England, &c.

Boſton, Sept. 1, 1805.

ERRATA.—*Page* 402, *5th line from the bottom, for* fuiſſit *read* fuiſſet. *Page* 403, *beginning of quotation from End.* IX. *for* turis *read* turris. *Page* 406, *8th line from bottom, for* camea *read* cameo.